Protest at Penn *David Sanford*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — March 15, 1969, 40 cents

Eye of the Hurricane

The President was reminded last week by Tom Wicker of The New York Times *that he "cannot long be a new man with a new opportunity; all too soon he will be in his turn just another war President presiding over an open-ended conflict unpopular at home and in the world, and one that in the eyes of those with whom he must negotiate will have become as much his own as it was Lyndon Johnson's." Mr. Nixon, as well as Ho Chi Minh, is under the gun. He must act soon, and not on the premises of his predecessor, not if he is to have peace and domestic tranquility. He must answer, as President not candidate, whether the national interest or any moral imperative requires the preservation of the Saigon regime by us at this price. He must be prepared to say, to himself if not to the world, that the US blundered in its decision to intervene in this civil war, and be prepared to pay a price for that mistake. Full restitution is beyond his power, but the killing of Vietnamese by Americans, and vice versa, can stop. Since the start of the Paris talks, US casualties have topped 60,000 (nearly 9,000 dead). Total South* (Continued on page 7)

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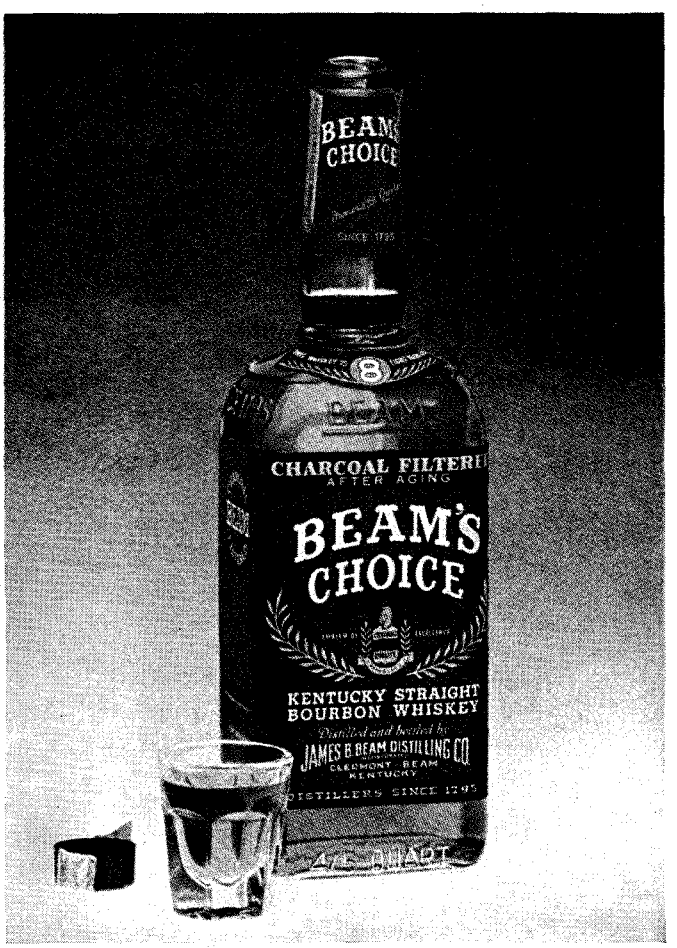

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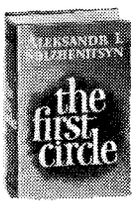

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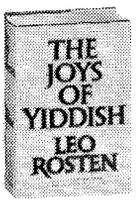

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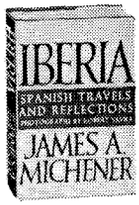

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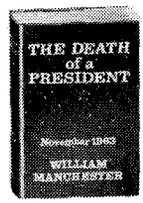

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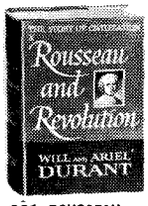

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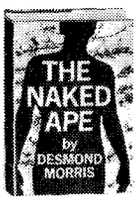

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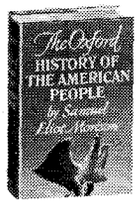

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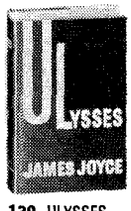

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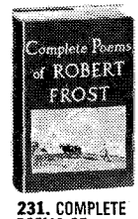

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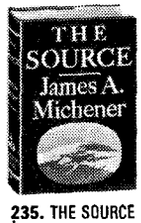

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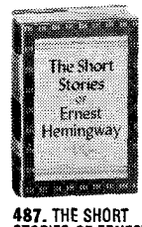

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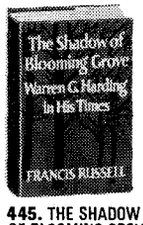

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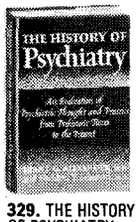

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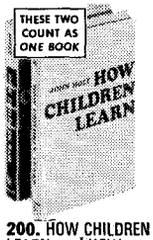

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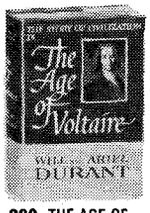

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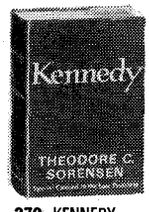

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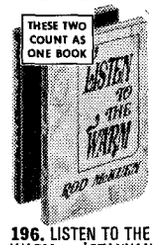

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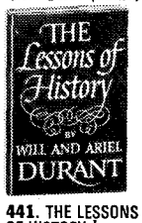

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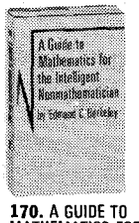

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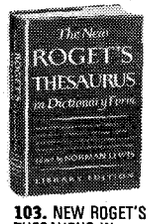

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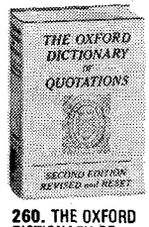

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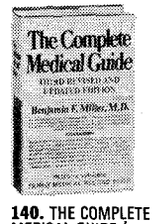

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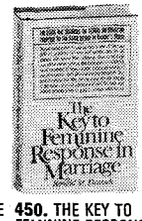

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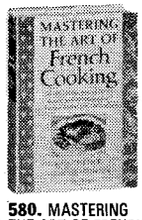

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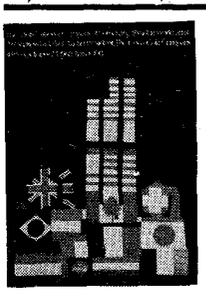

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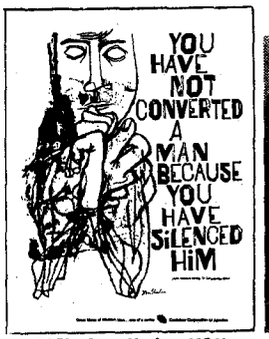

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TRB

From Washington

Bubble of Harmony

As we walked across the White House lawn under the full moon last week over the new-spread lime to the colonnaded entrance we considered what a soap-bubble situation it is. Here's a new Congress and the only thing it has done in eight weeks is raise its salary; here's a new President and the only thing he had sent to Congress at that time was a compromise electoral college reform bill which he acknowledges isn't the one he wants. (What a proposal his proportional election scheme is! – if applied in 1960 it would have elected him rather than JFK.)

It's a transitory situation because of the setting. Mr. Nixon was barely elected last Fall (with a Democratic majority in Congress) and won for one reason. Maybe we are wrong. But we think it was the Vietnam war and he got a mandate to end it. If he succeeds, GOP officials feel sure they will make gains in next year's midterm election. If he doesn't he's stuck.

Mr. Nixon that night put on a dazzling memory-performance before TV, as thrilling as a death-defying tightrope act because a misstep would have been fatal. No other President we know of could have performed the feat, save maybe JFK, who probably wouldn't have taken the risk. Every nuance of tone, every shade of expression was noted and cabled to world chancellories. Spotlights glistened on his wavy hair while he talked swiftly, deftly. From a seat in front, Dr. Kissinger looked at his pupil happily. It was a brilliant performance.

But can it last? The irridescent bubble of harmony floats up in a draft of words. Deeds are when the trouble starts. Mr. Nixon, we judge, has just about reached the point of overexposure. The 8-day whirlwind tour was nearly flawless: it showed Europe that Mr. Nixon is no ogre; it interested and involved Americans so that finally they could hear "Hail to the Chief" without expecting the larger-than-life figure of Mr. Johnson to come down the ramp.

But Mr. Nixon has finally got to stop talking and do something. It may come on ABM – if he calls for deployment, even though modified, it will probably bring his first fight in Congress.

And abroad, the period of grace is about over, too. On the TV show Mr. Nixon uttered the heretical notion that Russians are rational, and may even be willing to do a deal with us on the Middle East and Vietnam. There was something dreamlike in what he said, half appeal and half threat. We know a time when if a Democrat had made such understanding comments about Russia a certain Republican leader named N-x-n would have jumped for his jugular. Ah, but that was long ago. The immediate problem now is that there is no evidence at all (so far as we know of) that North Vietnam ever agreed to any concessions to get the US bombing stopped, despite face-saving allegations to the contrary by Mr. Johnson and his successor. America, having got into the wrong war in the wrong place desperately wants a graceful way out. Mr. Nixon threatens to escalate the war. We think this is politically unfeasible. We are all in this together, of course, and wish Mr. Nixon luck. Be we think that a pretty bubble is ready to pop.

We started a review by Clive Barnes in the *NY Times* last week of a new comedy. Trouble with it, said Barnes, it's a "one-joke" play. ". . . and the joke is really not so terribly funny. Tom and Gary are two happily cohabiting homosexuals." There we stopped.

Sometimes we feel something has happened to our sense of humor. The great center of humor today is New York City, our fun capital. Out here in the sticks we haven't been educated up to it yet. The funniest thing currently available, we are told, is Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint.*

Alfred Kazin *(NY Review of Books)* calls it "hilariously lewd." Charles Samuels *(Book World)* says it's a "delight: Roth dares to put in what Sam Levenson leaves out." Albert Goldman *(Life)* says it's "the final perfection of the comic art of this Jewish decade . . . an American masterwork." *Playboy* magazine, whose humor is so exquisite, says "masterpiece." And Josh Greenfield *(NY Times Book Review)* finds it "deliciously funny" topping others of the genre – Salinger's Seymour, Bellow's Herzog, Malmud's Assistant – by putting its "American Jewish hero upon a psychoanalyst's couch." We shouldn't be squeamish; we learn from the reviews that Roth has made masturbation as comical as the stage has homosexuality.

Well, New York sets the style. These Manhattan madwags seem to be centered in a kind of comic coterie where they not only write books for the nation but review each other's. It's the new flush-toilet school. Some object to it. Marya Mannes says, "Not only does he [Portnoy] sit on life's toilet seat; he examines lovingly the bowl beneath."

Everything, of course, has a Washington angle. There is currently an artless musical comedy here, headed for New York, called "1776." Though light in some ways it has one smashing novelty. It's clean. Yes, sir; imagine the furor! People will whisper behind their hands, "Have you heard . . .?" They'll give a knowing wink: "It's wryly patriotic!"

"No," the other man will exclaim, "they can't get away with *that.*" And the first man will retort with a leer, "Remember, it's a *work of art.*"

Yes, "1776" even offers a mild note of hope which is certainly going to be a shocker to sophisticates, but they may toughen in time; that's always the way with a startling novelty.

Alas, there's a grimmer angle to this. We set it down hesitatingly. If you dial a certain number locally you get a two-minute recording that is starkly racist. It is not against Negroes, it attacks two top Nixon advisers because they are Jews. You are told that they were born abroad in a Communist country (both overrun), and the implication is that they are nasty and sinister. The poison is squirted out by local Nazis over in Virginia who assert they have other hate outlets in other cities. What they say is not libelous, we judge, unless a tone of voice is libelous.

Some things used to be banned by social pressure, or law – or by simple good taste. Not any more.

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Eye of the Hurricane

Vietnam military and civilian casualties, Vietcong and North Vietnam casualties are unreported. They are far more numerous. Yet the voices of outrage are momentarily muted. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee is preoccupied with the danger of deploying an anti-ballistic missile system. George McGovern, an early and ardent critic of the war, has put his mind to hunger at home. Robert Kennedy is dead. Senator McCarthy is silent. On the campuses, although there are demonstrations spurred by recruiting, most protest, particularly that which gets the headlines, is over black demands. Striking evidence of this attitude is supplied by the recent visit of Barry Zorthian, former chief information officer in Saigon for four years, to Yale University. According to the story in the Yale Alumni magazine, the appearance was a tame affair, drawing no more than a handful of people whose questions were "polite, superficial and disconnected." Where, six months ago, there would be talk of almost nothing but Vietnam in faculty gatherings or among students, most conversation these days is taken up with university actions against students and professors. The recent Governors' Conference did not even produce a resolution on Vietnam.

The explanation is that the anti-war effort did succeed in changing Presidents; that moral passion was near exhaustion by the end of the '68 campaign; that the Paris talks should be given a chance; and that people believe Nixon "must" end the war quickly if he is to have a successful Administration. So the peace movement holds its breath, there is a momentary calm. But this is the eye of the hurricane.

What can be done? The war-makers drone on and on that the only tolerable settlement is an "honorable" one. Tell it to the children of Vietnam! Who are the war-makers to speak of honor? This has been a dishonorable business. There's no settlement in sight, honorable or otherwise, if we insist we have been right all along and that disaster would follow were we to permit the Vietnamese to settle their dispute among themselves. If the new Administration thinks an "honorable" settlement obliges us to stay and fight so long as the security of the regime in Saigon is in jeopardy, that we must go on destroying until the Vietnamese who oppose us have been sufficiently punished

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so that they will desist and withdraw from battle, then there will be no peace – for Vietnam or for the Nixon Administration. And if our government insists, as it seems to be insisting in Paris, that political and military issues can be neatly separated, it is deluding itself and us. The central issue in Vietnam is and always has been who will govern the country, all of it, not just half of it. That is what the Vietnamese have been fighting about. Negotiations cannot be confined to technical questions of mutual military withdrawals. If the United States does not wish to talk about politics in Vietnam, it does not wish to talk realistically about a settlement. The current South Vietnamese government cannot, of course, afford to give an inch on the political side. There is no place for Thieu, Ky and their friends in any government in which the Vietcong are represented.

Mr. Nixon's observations after his return from Europe were not at all encouraging. "We have shown patience and forebearance," he said. What would impatience lead us to do – defoliate all Vietnam, atomize the place? He must remember, he said, his "obligation to defend American fighting men in Vietnam." How better to oblige them than by removing them. Yet he has "no plans to withdraw any troops at this time, *or in the near future*." Nevertheless, he is sure "the American people will support a President if they are told by the President why we are there, what our objectives are, what the cost will be and what the consequences would be if we took another course of action." So thought LBJ.

Vietnam *is* a test of our will, but in a far different sense than proponents of intervention have in mind. Have we the will to break loose from this war, in our own nation's interest and that of the Vietnamese? The Vietcong and Hanoi may hope and expect, as hawks here at home allege, that the American public's support of the war will crack under the strain of rising expenditures of lives and dollars. That hope and expectation flatters us, for it assumes that the American people are not fools or demons, that they will in time sicken and turn away from the sight of our massive power being used to bomb and burn and gun down ragged Asians who persist in believing they are fighting for *their* country.

Electoral Reform

President Nixon has officially made known to Congress the views on electoral reform which he had previously communicated indirectly, through the Republican Congressional leadership. The President favors either something like the Mundt plan (two electoral votes determined at large in each state and the rest in Congressional districts), or the Lodge-Gossett proposal (dividing the electoral vote of each state in proportion to the popular vote). Although the President suggests that either of these schemes would cause the electoral vote of each state to "more closely approximate the popular vote than does the present system," the fact is that both the Mundt and Lodge-Gossett plans would malapportion the Presidency in favor of the less populous states.

Under both plans, each state would get at least three electoral votes, regardless of its size. The electoral vote of large states would not be increased in full proportion to their population. Both these things are true under the present system, but under the present system, the malapportionment is only apparent, not real, because the electoral vote of each state is now cast as a unit, and this practice works out to the advantage of the large states. It would not be cast as a unit under the Mundt or Lodge-Gossett scheme.

The President urges that as a safeguard against the possibility of deadlock, 40 percent of the vote in the electoral college (rather than, as now, an absolute majority) be made sufficient for election, and if no one attains even that 40 percent, a straight popular runoff be held. The 40 percent idea is terrible. It vastly increases the risk that a minority President, who had substantially fewer popular votes than his leading opponent, but 40 percent of the electoral vote, would be put in office. As for the popular runoff, most of the objections to simple popular election hold against it, and then some. Deadlocks can be guarded against by amendments perfecting the present system. There have been several proposals, all of them better than Mr. Nixon's. One is election by a joint session of Congress if no one gets a majority in the electoral college. Another is election by the House alone, each member casting one individual vote. Yet another proposal, by Representative Jonathan Bingham of New York, is a runoff within the electoral college system.

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What Garrison Proved

Two years and uncounted New Orleans tax dollars after he first announced that he had "solved" the John F. Kennedy assassination "beyond a shadow of a doubt," District Attorney Jim Garrison of New Orleans has had what he always intended and wanted – a chance to "allow our case to stand or fall on its merits." During those two years, Garrison has been freely attacking the Warren Commission, the CIA, the Establishment, much of the nation's press and a shadowy conspiracy which culminated in the events of November 22, 1963. But when the time came to produce his "incontrovertible evidence" and "reliable eyewitness testimony," all that emerged was a motley collection of flimsy and perhaps fraudulent claims by some of the least credible witnesses ever heard.

Did the flamboyant DA prove anything? First, Garrison had called the Warren Report "probably the greatest fraud ever perpetrated in the history of humankind." While rejecting this claim, even some of his severest critics among newsmen at the trial admitted that Garrison had scored several good points against the Warren Commission investigation. But nearly all these points were culled from various published books on the Report and were not original with Garrison. The acquittal of Clay Shaw did not, of course, mean that the Warren Report was vindicated, for it was not on trial (a point the DA generally forgot). But certainly the reputation and credibility of critics such as Mark Lane and Penn Jones who supported Garrison's case, are badly compromised.

Second, Garrison had charged the federal government with doing everything possible to withhold vital information from him; but after a federal judge finally ruled that the DA should be allowed to examine the autopsy photos and x-rays and the alleged murder weapon, he withdrew his own request.

Third, Garrison had charged the assassination was carried out by "a precision guerrilla team of at least seven men." But his own assistants in court alleged only "three men and three guns," and they could not make a plausible case for even this number.

Four, Garrison had charged that behind the actual killers lay a vast conspiracy involving "former employees of the CIA . . . anti-Castro Cuban exiles . . . fanatic warlovers . . . oil-rich millionaires in Texas . . . master-racists," but no evidence was offered to substantiate any of this, and the alleged archfiend, CIA, was mentioned in court only once. Garrison had also charged Jack Ruby was involved in the plot, and that another man had "deliberately impersonated Lee Oswald before the assassination"; but not one word was offered in court about either of these claims. Finally, Garrison had charged that Clay Shaw had been part of the conspiracy; but the case against Shaw was so weak that even if the jury had believed every word of every prosecution witness (which was virtually impossible), Shaw might well have still been acquitted.

In the end, the DA proved only that he had cynically used Shaw as an excuse to expound his theories. When he first arrested Shaw in 1967, he had shown less of a case than was presented in court. Garrison's 25-minute closing statement to the jury about the conflict of Vanity and Truth in Government Power suggested that those who had pivoted the whole case on Garrison's paranoid fantasies may have had a point. At least some of his sttaements, such as "if you murder truth, you murder freedom, and if you murder freedom, you murder your own sons, and you are told they died in industrial accidents or were shot by the enemy, or God knows what," cast doubt on the extent of his contact with reality. Finally, after having his prize case unanimously dismissed in less than an hour by a jury many had called a "convicting jury," the DA proved his often-noted vindictiveness by indicting the acquitted man for perjury. When one adds to this shambles the fact that not a single elected official in Louisiana, from governor and senators down, has yet dared to utter a single critical word about the DA's action, what Garrison has proved is that Louisiana – a state with an unenviable record for political chicanery, corruption, incompetence and negligence – may now have its most potentially dangerous demagogue since Huey Long.

Keep Out

To judge by the number of import-quota bills introduced in Congress, an Agriculture Department trade expert told his agency's annual outlook conference, "the protectionist virus is spreading." This, at a time when Congress professes to be worried about higher prices, which protectionism encourages. The legislators are being pressured by everything from steel, strawberries and swimming suits to chickens, clothespins and cheese. Now come soybeans: The European Common Market is threatening to enact a consumption tax on oilseed products, and the Congress may be ready to declare a "soybean war." Last year, US farmers shipped $450 million worth of soybeans and related products to the Common Market countries; they want to keep this business. The Europeans, faced with a glut of butter and other dairy items, want to restrict imports. Rep. Wilbur Mills of the Ways and Means Committee and soybean-rich Arkansas, has warned the Market to expect "retaliatory action" if they move against our beans. Sen. Everett Dirksen, of soybean-rich Illinois, has said the same. The President thinks "the interest of the US and

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the interest of the whole world will best be served by moving toward freer trade rather than toward protectionism." His Under Secretary of State, Elliot Lee Richardson, said about the same thing in Paris recently. Lyndon Johnson also was for free trade, but he didn't choose to ask Congress to implement fully recommendations made during the "Kennedy round."

Take steel. On the day that William M. Roth, LBJ's special trade representative, was saying that this country "must reject the quota or market-sharing approach as a general response" to protectionist demand, Japanese and European steel companies – under prodding of the State Department – agreed to restrict the growth of their metal shipments to the US. They were reacting to the Administration's suggestion that in view of steel protectionist sentiment they had best settle for voluntary protectionism.

Take cotton textiles. Foreign mills, especially those in Japan, Korea and Taiwan, have voluntarily limited their shipments to the US since 1962. Same reason as steel: the State Department suggested that unless they curbed exports, Congress would enact stiff quotas and/or high tariffs. Now, similar pressure is on foreigners to limit shipments of wools, synthetic textile materials and blends. The push for either voluntary cutbacks or quota legislation shouldn't be underestimated; of all industries in this country, textiles has the widest array of political supporters. Thus while Mr. Nixon commented, "I take a dim view of this tendency to move toward quotas and other [restrictive trade] methods that may become permanent," he went on to say "the textile situation . . . is a special problem which has caused very great distress in certain parts of the country and to a great number of wage earners." And at his press conference last week, the President said he had told the Europeans that "unless some voluntary restrictions or restraints were worked out, on textiles particularly . . . the pressure for legislative quotas would be immense." If true of textiles, businessmen and their political allies are saying, why not for steel, soybeans, etc.

Dairy imports are now limited under legislation broadly designed to "prevent disruption of any commodity in the US price-support program" – to the annoyance of New Zealand, Italy, Austria and Britain. Under what experts label "wool fabric tariff reclassification," some kinds of woolen fabrics are restricted. Legislation to curb the imports of meat go back to 1964, and further restrictions were worked out last fall on a bilateral basis, government to government, between Washington and Australia, New Zealand, Ireland and the Central American republics. During the "chicken war" of 1962, during which the Common Market acted to trim US shipments of frozen poultry, Washington retaliated by increasing tariffs on things like Volkswagens and brandy.

March 4 at MIT

The idea of calling a one-day research halt on March 4, to dramatize the over-militarization of research, was born at a November dinnertable conversation of three MIT physics graduate students. The plan was not announced until late January. Other universities had less than a month to rustle up their own event. Nonetheless, scientists and other academics did it at an estimated 30 universities, including Yale, Cornell, Stanford, Columbia, Rutgers, Dartmouth, Minnesota, Maryland, Northwestern and the University of California divisions at Berkeley, Santa Cruz and Irvine. All classes at the University of Pennsylvania were called off, so that professors and students could discuss the role of that university in society (see David Sanford's report on what's happening at Penn, page 19).

The reasons are relatively easy to determine. The Communist threat no longer seems so menacing, military research is often intellectually unstimulating, there is a growing realization that a host of problems – cities, housing, pollution, transportation, a deteriorating environment – are not getting adequate attention and funding. And, of course, Vietnam has brought home that the purpose of military research is to help kill people. It's not an academic exercise. That war brought Harvard's George B. Kistiakowsky (Science Adviser to President Eisenhower, no less) to sever all his ties with the Defense Department last year. The war has made it progressively more difficult for military workshops to hire first-rate scientists. And professors who would rather forget the ties between the military and the universities have the students there to remind them. It was the students who drove the Institute for Defense Analyses off campuses last year, prodded faculties to revise attitudes toward classified research and are discrediting ROTC.

It was graduate students in the sciences who provided most of the initiative and momentum for March 4 at MIT, though they ended up with the active help of 47 professors. Originally, the students had been moved to protest by the war and the draft. They were persuaded by faculty to expand their concern to include ABM, the nuclear arms race and the general overemphasis on military research.

Some of the student organizers used the word "strike" to describe March 4. That, when reported in the press, threw much of the faculty in a panic. Professors quickly explained that March 4 was not meant as a protest against MIT, one of the largest, if not the largest university recipients of Defense funds in the country. MIT provost Jerome B. Wiesner, who had been willing to debate with MIT linguist Noam Chomsky, withdrew from active participation rather than become involved in faculty conflict. Some pro-

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fessors and graduate students signed petitions expressing opposition to the halt.

Nevertheless, the non-strike went on as scheduled. Attendance was healthy though not massive. There were no unseemly disturbances. A crowd of 1,400 jammed a local high school auditorium to discuss ABM, chemical and biological warfare and atomic diplomacy for more than three hours.

The senior speaker who seemed to communicate best to the student audience was Harvard biologist George Wald, a Nobel prize winner in medicine last year. He argued that while the purpose of government was to preserve life, "our government had become preoccupied with death and the preparation for death." He received a standing ovation at the end of the speech, as he had earlier when he accused Sen. Richard B. Russell of "criminal insanity" for justifying ABM deployment with the argument that he wanted the new Adam and Eve to be Americans in case of nuclear war. MIT mathematician Elliot H. Lieb said that 1969 would be regarded as a turning point, when the American scientific community split in two camps – one which would work for the government and one which would not.

The fact that the March 4 research halt could be organized at all is more important than what was said at discussions around the nation that day. Scientists are in a unique position of tension – dependent on the military dollar, and increasingly worried by it. Researchers have grown fairly fat on federal funding, especially from Defense. Now, at least a few of the nation's scientists (and more of their students) are summoning up the courage to bite the hand that has been feeding them.

Feeding the Hungry

On November 30, 1968, this journal published an article by Robert Coles and Harry Huge – "The Way It Is in South Carolina" – that described the hunger and extreme poverty in Beaufort and Jasper Counties, South Carolina. On February 21, 1969, Secretary of Agriculture Hardin announced a pilot project in those two counties which would give their poorest residents free food stamps, a development described by Senator George McGovern as a "significant breakthrough."

While initial public reaction to the article in South Carolina was predictably critical, the private response from local leaders in Beaufort County was surprisingly uncritical. Leading businessmen requested help from the authors in obtaining federal assistance programs for these two counties. Meetings between these South Carolinians, Dr. Coles, Mr. Huge and OEO officials have been held in Washington, and at this writing, OEO is formulating a health assistance program for the two counties.

On January 28, a resolution was introduced in the South Carolina state legislature to set up a state committee to investigate "problems of hunger and malnutrition." Incredibly, more than three-fourths of the state's House of Representatives put their names on that resolution. About a month ago, the author of the resolution, Travis Medlock, the son of a Methodist minister, was the resolution's lone sponsor. A few days after the resolution was introduced, Senator Ernest F. Hollings (D., S.C.) toured Beaufort and Jasper Counties, where he was shown families and children suffering from severe malnutrition by Dr. Donald Gatch, whose efforts on behalf of the poor in these two counties were described in the article by Coles and Huge.

Following this, Senator McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs held three days of hearings which threw more light on conditions in these counties. Senator Hollings testified that there was indeed hunger in South Carolina and that he, like other public officials in the South, had until the time of his testimony supported "the public policy of covering up the problem of hunger." That same day, the full Senate, following a floor fight, restored the McGovern Committee's requested authorization of $250,000, overriding a $100,000 cut by the conservative Senate Rules Committee.

So the McGovern Committee now has its full budget to complete its study of hunger in America, and the poorest people in Beaufort and Jasper Counties are getting free food stamps. But serious problems remain. The McGovern Committee heard testimony during South Carolina hearings that the two most powerful men in the Congress who could block a program for feeding the very poor throughout the country are in the House – not the Senate. They are Congressman Jamie Whitten, the Chairman of the Agriculture subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, and Congressman W. R. Poage, the Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture. Although it is in the House where the ultimate battle will be fought over whether the poor in America will be adequately fed, there is at least some evidence that not all magazine articles and Congressional inquiries are futile.

Readers who want to take part in the battle against hunger may write their own Congressman or Senator urging support for the McGovern Committee and any legislation designed to help eliminate hunger. A letter to Secretary Finch of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Secretary of Agriculture Hardin would also be useful. And in addition, the Southern Regional Council, 5 Forsyth St., N.W., Atlanta, Georgia (attention, Advisory Committee for Hungry Americans) is accepting and disbursing contributions to be used to buy food for the hungry.

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Black Studies

by Marion Mauk

San Francisco State College's controversial new Black Studies Department is still a "paper department" as the four-months-old black students' strike continues. That's what it may remain. But if there is a program, if black militants have their way, few, if any, Caucasians will be in it. The blacks are not interested in "rehabilitating" the outlook of individual students but in improving the lot of the black community as a whole. Their goal is "the elevation of a people." They anticipate using the Black Studies Department as a tool to transform the black community, while educating black students and training them in community organization. All courses will require field work in the black community, where students are expected to supply a flow of volunteer workers.

Community involvement and "collective stimulation" (inspiring and sustaining "a sense of collective destiny as a people") are the key components of the program, and the ones generally missing from Black Studies elsewhere, says Dr. Nathan Hare, fiery black militant, who was named director of the new department but whose future at the college is now a matter of contention. "The danger is that white students will flood Black Studies courses," he says. "It may be necessary eventually to distinguish black education for blacks and black education for whites."

To complaints of white critics that the program has "deplorable separatist leanings," Dr. Hare replies, "it will be an irony of recorded history" if integration is used "in the second half of this century to hold the black race down just as segregation was so instituted in the first half." He describes the viewpoint of his group as that of "revolutionary pluralists," as distinct from separatists who reject all whites." "We are pluralists – like the French-Canadians or the Jews –demanding the right to exist as a distinct category and to be elevated as such by any means necessary."

Black leadership at San Francisco State, which former president of the college John Summerskill called "the most talented to the country" has pioneered in Black Studies courses over the past two and one-half years, but Black Studies as an independent academic department with a degree program was officially authorized only last December, one month after the black students' strike began. The plans are highly innovative, even for the tempestuous, innovative bay-city college, whose student-run Experimental College achieved national reputation. Field work will not be confined to courses that have an obviously practical application but will be expected in all. History students may be required to put on panel discussions for younger children in the community; poetry students may conduct poetry workshops for youngsters or try to "capture the poetry of ordinary black expression" with a tape recorder. Students in black politics, black economics, black counselling, development of black leadership, and social organization of blackness will be expected to serve apprenticeships to businessmen, politicians, social workers, community organizers, educators in the black community. A class in community organization may form civic clubs while black current events and black journalism students publish a black community press. Students and other members of the community will be organized into black cultural councils to establish black holidays, and sponsor cultural affairs.

Bringing education to the black community will be a major emphasis. Central lectures may be held in church auditoriums so that individuals of the community may attend. Drop-back-in-school drives to rescue school drop-outs will be waged and intensive tutorial aid given. Some off-campus adult education for mothers and others is anticipated.

Traditional educational practices won't be completely done away with. There will be "some lectures on routine things" and the use as guest lecturers or salaried part-time lecturers of people "known to be making a significant impact on American society." Recent materials published about blacks to meet demands of the last few years will not be any more acceptable than those of the past, even if written by Negroes, unless written from the "black perspective," says Dr. Hare. Eventually, the San Francisco group hopes to organize a black textbook and syllabus-writing corps.

Are the blacks going to substitute propaganda (new myths for old lies) for the omissions in old-style white culture courses, asks a leading critic, Dr. John H. Bunzel, chairman of the Department of Political Science at the college. He believes the program "can't be faulted as a political program for community action" but questions its academic soundness. The debate among academics has ranged from the role of a college (provide ideological underpinning for a social movement?) to standards of excellence in curriculum and faculty. "In the past the white university and the white community have set standards," says Dr. Joseph White, dean of undergraduate studies, who worked with Dr. Hare in developing the program. "If we as a people are to set the course of our own destiny, we will define our standards. We demand that the teacher have experiential awareness of the black community. I don't know how else he can get it except by being black."

Conceding a shortage of black educators with doctorates, Dr. Hare suggested in his "Conceptual Proposal for a Department of Black Studies," which led to the formal degree program, that some of the present qualifications for faculty degrees are based on "useless endeavor" thought to be prestigious under the "leis-

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ure class mentality." He proposes "honoring teaching effectiveness and enthusiasm more than qualities determined by degrees held and other quantifiable credentials" – a stand which has antagonized some of his fellow educators.

But is color more important than the substance of a course asks Dr. Bunzel, who has attacked Dr. Hare as "bitterly anti-white"? Yet Bunzel admits that "black students respond directly and positively to a black instructor. The relationship is clear, personal and effective. It is a potent consideration and is at the heart of every argument in support of a Department of Black Studies."

The key issue is autonomy. "If the Black Studies Department doesn't have complete autonomy, whites will control the program," said Dr. Hare. Complete autonomy means not only campus autonomy to an extent granted no other department, but freedom from control of the state college system Board of Trustees. Now, "all final decisions are made by whites," says Dr. White, who has proposed a Board of Governors made up of black faculty, students and members of the community as the final decision-making authority for the new department.

Uncompromising Nathan Hare ("It's hypocrisy to ask for more than you really demand and then settle for less.") sounded like a hard-pressed and troubled man, when interviewed the night before President S. I. Hayakawa announced (Feb. 28) that the college would not renew his contract in June. "We'll just go on and on," Hare said. "This is no instant revolution. In the end we'll emerge victorious." The blacks are demanding he be kept on.

Oil Pressure

Los Angeles

When the Supreme Court finally ruled that all off-shore land beyond three miles belongs to the federal government, Interior Department officials charged with mineral development, and their constituents, the oil companies, got to work fast. Concerned citizens from the Santa Barbara area felt that the hideous drilling rigs, grimy barges and leaky tankers, would damage the scenery as well as the beauty of their resort community. And hovering in the background was the danger of a serious accident in an area that is riven with geological faults and suffered a major earthquake in 1925. (The oil from the latest leaking well only reached the ocean through a fault; the well itself was quickly plugged.)

Some Interior officials did oppose off-shore drilling leases. The fish and wildlife people protested that an oil spill would be very harmful to marine life; others recommended that the oil companies be required to camouflage their drilling rigs. But as County Supervisor George H. Clyde recalls, "The mineral boys were just hell-bent to sell these leases, and they assured Udall there was no danger. We just didn't have a chance."

Once exploration began, two other Interior divisions clashed – the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration and the Oil and Gas Supervisor of the United States Geological Survey. California's chief deputy attorney general, Charles A. O'Brien, told the Senate subcommittee on air and water pollution during hearings in Santa Barbara: "The attitudes of these two Interior agencies is clearly explained by their titles – one is interested in pollution and the other is interested in oil. At a joint meeting of these agencies – which was attended by a California water control agency – the Oil and Gas Supervisor refused to allow either the federal or state water pollution experts any controls over the off-shore drilling operations. The Gas and Oil Supervisor not only refused to allow the promulgation of pollution regulations, he refused to allow any inspection of oil drilling operations by state or

"Sorry, Wally. Let's say it was exploitation for exploitation's sake."

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federal pollution experts." The Supervisor, D. W. Solanas, admitted that inspectors from his own office did not examine Union Oil well A-21 before it blew out. State officials testified that they would have never permitted a well to be drilled with less than 1,200 feet of casing. Mr. Solanas granted a variance that allowed Union Oil to use only 230 feet of casing in order to extract oil from shallow sands. John Fraser of Union Oil said that more casing probably would have prevented the blowout.

Now another round is being fought. Conservationists are arguing that accidents are always possible (the oil companies admit that), and that all drilling should be banned in the Santa Barbara channel. But the retort comes back: the leases have already put $603 million into the federal treasury, and there will be future royalties from producing wells. The argument is advanced by a well-organized, well-heeled group that wants more oil production. It comes from Congressmen (Rep. Ed Edmondson of Oklahoma sounded like a vice president of Standard Oil when a House subcommittee visited Santa Barbara for a first-hand look), from sympatheic Interior personnel (the more oil leases, the more important they are), and, of course, from the oil companies themselves. Senator Joseph Montoya could hardly suppress his amazement when he told the head of a group called GOO (Get Oil Out) "if we listen to you we'll just have to throw the dollar out the window."

Udall was no paragon (he did approve the Santa Barbara leases), but he was partial to the "public good." Secretary Hickel, his successor, has spent his life on the other side of the fence – he is "special interest" personified, and yet public opinion apparently can make a difference. Hickel has surprisingly become an advocate of stringent controls on oil exploration, including some that could be very costly to the oil companies. The answer is to keep the pressure up.

Steven V. Roberts

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The Hard-Core Rich

Palm Beach, Florida

On a recent afternoon, when the northeast was catatonic beneath two feet of snow, and the hungry in South Carolina were finally getting a morsel, three Palm Beach millionaires entered *La Crêpe de France*, a petite restaurant off Worth Avenue. They had just lunched at the elegant *Colony* and now, in a slumming mood, wanted a dessert of strawberries and ice cream in a pancake. "Divine."

But divinity was not so easily captured. At this particular moment, *La Crêpe de France* was packed with customers whose accumulated worth, by one count, reached $200 million. "Sorry," said the receptionist, in a French accent. "Disastrous," said one of the rebuffed millionaires.

Indeed it was. In Palm Beach, where an estimated $5 billion of the nation's new, old and mysterious money gathers from November to April, the denial of a pleasure is an *immense* disaster. The temptation in a situation like this is to order everyone out, announce you're buying the place, write out a check and then get to those *crêpes fraises et glaces.*

A great tactic, but it would be straining. And in Palm Beach, the rich refuse to be strenuous about their money – the way the rich are in Acapulco, Palm Springs or, to mention what in Palm Beach is the odious of odiouses, Miami Beach.

The absence of strain in this community is not because the millionaires do nothing – the way, for instance, the porch-sitting poor in Appalachia can idle a whole day doing nothing – but because they do everything. The social schedule is so fast that many of the town's leading hostesses like Mrs. Marjorie Merriweather Post Close Hutton Davies May often spend entire mornings on the phone lining up guests for the next luncheon, dinner, brunch, party, ball, gala, fete, soiree, ganzas with or without extravas. The list of monied Palm Beach names – like the names, the money, too, often comes from dead men – that a hostess can choose from is large: Vanderbilt, DuPont, Phipps, Hearst, Drexel, Pillsbury, Pulitzer, Lauder, McLean, Kellog, Kimberly. Thrown in, like tomatoes in the salad, are the titled: princesses, countesses and marchionesses; Ladies, Dames and Knights; generals, commodores and colonels. Then come the celebs: Morton Downey, Dina Merrill, Frank Stranahan, Cliff Robertson. Finally, the plain rich. The difficulty of hostesses here is that Palm Beach is facing its worst urban crisis in years: weeding out the new monied from the old monied. It can be done.

The new rich will carry a credit card; the old rich will use check or cash. The new rich will put their initials on their license plate; the old rich won't. The new rich – for example a lady on a trip down to the hair stylist – will sit in the back seat alone; the old rich will sit up front and chat with the chauffeur. The new rich will call the butler by his last name; the old rich by his first. The new rich will hole out all putts when golfing; the old rich will take anything under five feet. The new rich will wear wigs that look natural; the old rich, ones that are frankly false.

It is difficult defining the height of the season. The sporting set say it's when Jack Nicklaus gives an ex-

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hibition at the Breakers for all the duffing rich with poverty-stricken golf games. The arty set say it was at a black-tie auction on behalf of St. Mary's Hospital where $73,000 in pin money was spent in an hour on such things as a silver epergne, a red jasper fish sculpture, a Royal Worcester porcelain figurine and the inevitable gold cigarette case designed by Carl Fabergé. The fashion set says the high comes when Courreges is in town presenting his spring collection, featuring this year such items as dresses with painted-on freckles and polished, metal-fitted bras.

Visiting Palm Beach has its rewards. The town has no hippies, bums, mutts, billboards, McDonald's neon signs, dirty streets or even dirt. Nor does Palm Beach have a general hospital, cemetery or garbage dump. The sick, dead and trash are carted across Lake Worth to West Palm Beach.

Despite all the sapidity and beauty of Palm Beach – from the trim lawns and trim schnauzers to the trim nubiles sunning braless on yacht decks – ugliness is not entirely absent; for instance, the ugliness of spirit of a few merchants. Not long ago, the owner of a local floral shop gleefully confessed to an outsider that there are no fixed prices on his flowers: "I make up a price when I see who walks in."

The super-heeled delight in beating the merchants at their own game. C. A. Munn, the tote-board king, annually sends out a Christmas card to 146 of his Ins that has on it, among other things, a complete list of the local merchants – as well as, if not more importantly, their competitors across in West Palm. Thus, many of the rich can tell you that this florist is cheaper than that one, or this liquor store's case of Sandman's is $64, that one's $60.

Perhaps the fiercest battle against the merchants occurred recently in the Town Council Chamber. The Flagler System Inc. – land developers descended from Henry Flagler, the Howard Hughes of 50 years ago, who virtually built east Florida – requested that a large piece of land northwest of the Breakers golf course be rezoned from a one family residence area to a business classification. Facing a packed house of up-in-arms citizens, the Flagler group gave a little homily on progress; but everyone knew Flagler was only out to make a killing with motels and high rises.

As a comfort against the tension of encroaching commercialism, guest lecturers are imported. John M. King, board chairman of King Resources Co., Denver, spoke at a cocktail party two weeks ago on "the exploration and discovery of natural resources." Aside from the "high excitement, [drilling for oil] . . . is also a gamble which often has rich rewards that can add to the country's real resources. . . . And best of all, from the standpoint of the investor, the oil industry enjoys special treatment in taxation. It is possible for an individual to write off up to 80 percent of his investment within the tax year, 27 percent of the return, and still enjoy the growth potential. . . ." All this was old stuff to his audience but like an old melody, was nice hearing again.

Other Palm Beach lecturers in the last several weeks included Harold L. L. Taswell, South African ambassador to the US who spoke on why he believes the "United States and United Nations are wrong in their policies and actions" toward his country; Gen. Maxwell Taylor, who said we are making considerable progress in Vietnam and "withdrawal would be most unwise at this time"; Stephen B. Roman, a wealthy capitalist from Canada, who offered five points for solving "the Communist problem"; Thomas E. Bishop, assistant director of the FBI who urged Palm Beachers to strengthen "the bulwarks of our democracy" through law and order.

In the tropical and perfumed air of Palm Beach, the people who trust in money and put their money in trust are often misunderstood. Said a local cab driver: "I've had millionaires in my cab ask me for the secret of happiness, even though they have everything and I have nothing." For three miles along North Ocean Boulevard, he prattled on like this. As with many of the hard-working class who make their living serving the wealthy, he had it backwards. It's not hard at all to have a lot of money and be happy. The trick is to have a lot of money and be sad. They've mastered it in Palm Beach.

Colman McCarthy

What Can the Big Four Do?

The Arabs Are Not Ready To Make Peace

Israel

When the *El Al* Boeing takes off from Kennedy Airport, amidst mountains of snow and under dark skies, the temperature is 27 degrees and banner headlines report fighting along the Arab-Israeli borders. Eleven hours later the plane lands at Lydda, the sky is blue, a sandy *khamsin* blows from the desert, the mercury stands at 77 degrees, frontier incidents are relegated to the back pages. The big story here is a State Department "plot" (supported by the French and the Russians) to deprive Israel of the fruits of her victory.

What will Nixon do, one is asked? Does he already have a policy? No answer is expected, for everybody has an answer and gives it. "He is going to betray us, he is going to side with De Gaulle, he wants to save Nasser. . . ." The sun is shining, the trees and the

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lawns are marvelously green. Yet the people seem gloomy. "We are alone, we cannot rely on anybody." But then: "We are not going to give up anything, we will not pay the slightest attention to what they may vote in the UN." A retired businessman who spends his time running from one political meeting to another (this is Israel's latest import from the US) comments on this contradictory mood: "When everything goes well, we are uneasy. We know that it is not normal. But when the situation looks threatening, we feel better. This is genuine, it stimulates us."

A captain in the Army Intelligence Corps, who despite his relative youth has 20 years of service and an encyclopedic knowledge of every Arab regular and irregular force, explains the reasoning behind this popular self-confidence that's nourished by gloom: "The world press has publicized the Arab Liberation Front, the attacks on *El Al* planes, the bombs in bus stations and the bazaars and supermarkets. Well, all this is exciting. But does it mean much if *Time* devotes a cover story to *Al Fatah*? Did it help King Farouk, when, a few weeks before his deposition, his picture appeared on the front page of the same magazine with a caption: 'Egypt's man of destiny?' The Arab terrorists are *not* doing well. Trained for years in special camps, mostly by Syrian or Egyptian army officers, their elite are getting killed, taken prisoner or forced to retreat as soon as they cross the border. Our new security fence is a marvel. For years the State Department pleaded with us to install one, hoping it would break the chain of terrorist attacks and reprisal raids. We didn't believe in it. We were wrong. Now we have it and scarcely any infiltrator can get through undetected, from Lake Tiberias in the north to deep south of the Dead Sea. For a while they thought that they found a new method. They mounted the *Katioushas* (Soviet bazookas) on a jeep, drove at high speed along our borders, firing from all eight guns at a time. Soon our Piper planes were striking at them. Even a single man is clearly visible to overflying aircraft. Israel is not Vietnam or Algeria. It has no jungle, no forests, no rice paddies, no mountains. Of course, bombs explode in the centers of our cities. But can this intimidate people who have nowhere to go and who are convinced that if they lose, they will be annihilated to the last woman and child? We are not the *pieds noirs* of Algeria. They knew they could retire to France. . . ."

The intensity of this feeling is the single most impressive characteristic of the people of Israel. It is at least as strong as hatred of Israel in the Arab world. That reality makes hopelessly irrelevant all thought that good sense must prevail, that justice and moderation will pave a way for a compromise. For the time being at least, Israeli justice and Arab justice are incompatible. It is in that light that we should read the peace plans for the Middle East which have been prepared in Moscow, in Paris, in London, and which US government officials, university professors, businessmen, career military men are now busily drafting. In Israel the quarrel between the Dayan plan, the Allon plan, the doves and the hawks, seems over. There is no point in arguing about peace conditions, because nobody on the Arab side is ready to make peace.

The Israelis, therefore, are discussing at the moment not peace conditions, but the government that takes over from the late Premier Levi Eshkol. The battle for succession began long ago, yet his death found all contenders equally unprepared. Moshe Dayan has either fanatic followers or fanatic opponents, and since among the latter are powerful bureaucrats controlling the party machine that created Israel, one can understand why he did not come out on top. He himself seemed to realize it and preferred to wait. His main competitor, Igal Allon, was put forward by the Old Guard in order to block Dayan. But Allon is not exactly the man of the establishment, which does not entirely trust him. So the logical choice was Golda Meir, a true member of the Old Guard who could prepare the way for someone else – someone like Pinhas Sapir, strong man of the party bureaucracy and who is still the virtual economic dictator of Israel, though officially he gave up the finance portfolio in order to devote himself fully to affairs of the ruling Labor party. A coalition headed by Mrs. Meir will be an interim solution, lasting until the parliamentary elections in November. But what in Israel is not provisional? In a year or two, the newspapers will probably again be reporting the Dayan-Allon contest. It is wholly misleading, however, to link the question of future leadership to the attitude Israel will take toward the Arab states. Moshe Dayan is rated an arch-hawk, Pinhas Sapir the most dovish of leaders. But is there much difference between Sapir who says that Israel is ready to give up territory densely populated by the Arabs because it wants to remain a purely Jewish state, and Dayan who says that Israel is willing "to pay a lot" for a peace treaty?

There are reliable reports that under a De Gaulle-Nixon agreement reached in Paris, Four Power talks may begin soon in the UN, preceded by a Soviet-American dialogue in Washington. US diplomats who favor those talks believe they can and should produce a formula under which the Arabs pay for past defeats and the Israelis pay for future security. Yet the history of the past 20 months has proved that while the Arab states provoked the June 1967 war and lost it, they have no intention of paying anything. Indeed, they still hope that someone – the Soviets, France, perhaps the US, will bail them out and free them from any distasteful obligation. They go further: they say quite openly that once they do away with the consequences of "the Israeli aggression," they will resume

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their pre-June 1967 mission: throw the Jews into the sea. Everybody – the Arabs, the Soviets, De Gaulle – wants Washington to force Israel to trade security for promises. It's an old story. Unimpeded access to the Gulf of Aqaba was guaranteed Israel in 1957, if only informally, by the US, by Britain, by France. In May 1967, the guarantee proved worthless. Anyone who is preparing a working paper calling for UN authority over areas that Israel would eventually give up (and quite a few in Washington are doing just that) should remember that the 1957 arrangement, under which Israel withdrew from the territories it conquered from Egypt, provided for UN rule over Gaza. That jurisdiction lasted several hours. No wonder the Israelis agree with Mr. Nixon's statement that the Four Powers "cannot dictate a settlement in the Middle East . . . we're far away from the time when the Arabs and Israelis can sit at a negotiating table."

It may come as a shock, but the leverage the US has on Israel is small. Quite apart from that, there is a real question whether it is in the US interest to pressure Israel to make concessions, which, as matters stand, can only be unilateral. Interestingly, US officials who in the past were telling the Israelis that they must get realistic and decide what they are willing to give up, usually added: but do not hasten to reopen the Suez Canal. For with the Canal closed, Russian shipments to North Vietnam take 20 more days; and the Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean cannot cross into the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean – all of which are no-man's waters since the British decision to quit the area east of Suez.

The chance of a new Middle-Eastern flare-up, which could provoke a Soviet-American confrontation neither wants, still remains. Since the Soviet Union is more deeply involved than the US (there are no American troops in Israel, no American military advisers, the Israelis pay for all American weapons they get), the way to avoid that possible confrontation is for the Russians to detach themselves a bit from their Arab friends. Some political analysts believe that this may be Moscow's distant aim, but that first it must fulfill the promises it gave to Arab states – that by its diplomacy it would redeem to them what they lost by their highly inept military actions. If such is the price set by Moscow for any American-Russian agreement on the Middle East, none will materialize, for in this harsh world there is a fine for each offense, and the Soviets cannot escape paying only because they are an atomic super-power. The conflict in the Middle East will smolder for perhaps a decade or more. But only those ignorant of history put their faith in perfectly just and mutually acceptable settlements. The usual choice in life is between lesser evils. Will this mean more tragedy for the million Arab refugees who lost a country in which they had lived for a thousand years? No doubt it will. But in modern times, no refugee problem has been settled other than by resettlement elsewhere; not by going back to the country from which they fled or were expelled, a country which doesn't want them and to which they do not wish to return.

Philip Ben

Nixon's Europe in the "New Era"

by John Osborne

That absurd device of government and journalism, the "high official" who can never be quoted by name, is sometimes invented by reporters who have been in contact with nobody higher in rank than a press officer. But there are occasions, and President Nixon's trip to Europe was one of them, when the "high official" really does exist, either illuminating or befogging large events with statements that may not be charged then or later to the individual who made them, and so guarding himself or his master, in this case the President, against any embarrassment that may result from assertions that turn out to have been injudicious, mistaken or deliberately misleading.

Home from Europe after a week of exposure there to the "high officials" who accompanied Mr. Nixon and spoke for him when he was not speaking for himself, I have been looking over my notes of their remarks. This may seem to be a back-door way of reviewing the Nixon trip, but it is not. The intent of the anonymous spokesmen was to clarify what the Presi-

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dent said publicly, to explain what he was really up to, and to assess the results of his efforts in terms assumed to be more realistic, because privately stated, than those offered by the President in Europe and in Washington last week at a televised press conference. What his high officials said on his behalf seems in retrospect to have been neither injudicious, provably mistaken nor deliberately misleading. It was mostly so near in effect to what he said publicly that they might as well have talked for quotation.

Yet there is about their explanations and assessments a certain unreality, as if they had been talking about a Europe that exists principally in their and their President's minds and hopes. It is, these spokesmen seem to have been saying, a Europe that is at once intimately entwined with the United States and perfectly entitled to make its own arrangements for dealing amongst its own governments and with the United States, without much if any regard for the preferences and interests of the United States. It also is, the President seems to have been saying through his high officials, a Europe with which the United States has been too much engaged and too little concerned in recent times; a Europe from which the United States now should and can disengage to an important extent; but also a Europe, the same Europe, for which the United States should assert, and in the person of Mr. Nixon is asserting, a deeper and more genuine and more intelligently implemented concern than the preceding Administrations displayed.

To those who detect in all this some confusion of definition and purpose, a note of contradiction, the high officials speaking for Mr. Nixon reply that, in a phrase heard several times along the Nixon route, the skeptical must understand that we are in "a new era." It is, we of the press were told, the era brought into being on January 20 with the inauguration of President Nixon. How, personalities apart, does it differ in fundamental circumstances from the eras of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson? The answer seriously and responsibly offered went as follows. First, the United States is now committed to "a reasonable settlement" in Vietnam. Second, it is seeking a settlement of the Middle-East conflict between Israel and its Arab enemies "without war." Third and emphatically, the United States now is not only "willing" to negotiate the major issues that divide it and the Soviet Union but is preparing an "approach" to negotiation and a program for it that is "serious, complete, and detailed." And fourth, it is expressing these aims and preparing to accomplish them through processes of communication and consultation with its European allies that are more open, more effective, less clogged with extraneous incidentals and invective than those that have inhibited or in some instances blocked communication with Europe in the eras now happily ended.

The purpose of the foregoing is neither to minimize Nixon's performance in Europe – it was quite impressive – nor to suggest, as columnist Joseph Kraft did from London, that the journey accomplished nothing of value. One of the President's exalted explainers observed in perhaps the wisest judgment that came from them, that only subsequent events will make a sound appraisal possible. Presumably in full knowledge that he was doing so, the President put himself at the mercy of the European leaders whom he visited and lauded. General de Gaulle, for instance, could embarrass his late guest with another disruptive whack at the Western system if he inflicts it soon after being praised for possessing in marvelous degree "the quality of wisdom and vision . . . the perspective that leaders need to make the right decisions." Circumstances and the French public could have the same effect if, as some in Paris think is all too possible, a crisis resulting from a catastrophic intensification of France's monetary and economic difficulties sweeps the General from office. Nixon's homage to De Gaulle and his declaration of confidence in the capacities and intentions of his other hosts may be dismissed as a gamble on the healing power of flattery in Paris and as customary courtesy elsewhere. The point made here is that beneath the modest claims advanced for the European trip, before and during it and by Nixon after he returned, there was a conviction that his advent to the Presidency had presaged and already was leading to fundamental changes for the better, both in the techniques of American foreign policy and in the European scene. This in itself was neither surprising nor disturbing. What was surprising, after the preparatory emphasis upon a low-key approach to the trip, was the euphoria with which the conviction that "a new era" has arrived with Nixon was expressed in Europe.

The related proposition that the United States may now disengage (the word was never officially used) from the European allies' differences among themselves without substantive disengagement in the usual sense of the term is attractive. It would seem to make the basic commitment to European security easier to sustain. But is it really meaningful to say with Mr. Nixon's high officials that the United States is as fervently dedicated as ever to European political and economic unity but not at all concerned with the forms of unity? That we are still for the Common Market, and for Britain's admission to it, but don't much care whether the European Economic Community survives in its present form or is replaced by something more to the liking and designs of General de Gaulle? Nixon was told in London that the British, foreseeing their indefinite exclusion from the Common Market by Gaullist veto, refuse to equate that particular frustation with total exclusion from the continental community and propose to work their way into it through every side entry that they may pry or find open. Can

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we, applauding and promising to support that aim, be indifferent to the means by which it is accomplished and to the probability that De Gaulle will oppose it at every turn. The Nixon line that Europe's problems of this kind are "for the Europeans" to settle among and by themselves, and that the United States need only assure them that it will impartially support each of them, regardless of their differences and of whether and how the differences are reconciled, assumes a clearer distinction than actually exists between internal and external affairs and, in the interest of immediate harmony, postpones choices that no American President can indefinitely evade.

There were two clear pluses from the trip. Nixon went to Europe so early in his Presidency partly because he knew that he was distrusted there or, at best, regarded with less than adequate trust. The testimony that he won respect in every capital he visited is convincing. He appeared to know what he was about, he proved himself to be a good listener, he put life in the tired concept and promise of genuine and timely consultation with the European allies. In one of the few policy areas where material agreement with General de Gaulle was possible, Nixon all but committed himself to an early four-power conference on the Arab-Israel conflict. One of his high officials said in Paris that the last American doubts of the value of such a conference had been removed. Nixon drew back a bit in his televised account, indicating that it was more likely than it had been, but not yet certain that the US would soon be discussing possible solutions of the Mideastern problem with France, Britain and the Soviet Union. And discussing, he said, a big-power guarantee of the settlement, if and when the Arabs and Israelis agree on one. Will the United States be as disinterested in the form the guaranteed settlement takes as Nixon professes to be in the form of European organization? It does not seem probable.

Protest at Penn

A Model for Campus Dissent?

by David Sanford

No offices were occupied, no property was destroyed, damaged, or even left untidy. . . .
Gaylord Harnwell, President,
University of Pennsylvania

When several hundred Penn students took over a classroom and administration building last month, and held it for five days, the University of Pennsylvania's trustees tried something novel – capitulation. The University doesn't like to call it that, since it angers The Community and Certain Politicians to accede to reforms under duress. But the students' "demands" (another unpopular word) essentially were met. What the trustees had told the students was impossible one day, became university policy the next. Now, the trustees, the administration, the faculty, the demonstrators and the students of Penn *all* feel triumphant.

The university administration is happy because a sit-in did not turn into a violent brawl with police, and into a picture-story for TV. The student leaders are happy because they think the successful protest radicalized 12,000 politically sluggish students and brought folks together into a true community. The Board of Trustees is pleased because it had to concede little, just speed up its timetable. The alchemy of happiness at Penn will now be disturbed only if Philadelphia comes to view the settlement as too much of a student victory, if the University finds itself yielding too much power to students, or if the students come to see their win as meaningless.

At issue in this strange confrontation was the construction of an independent, privately owned, $100-million University City Science Center near the Penn campus, in the middle of a slum. One building in the complex is finished. The slum, at least a large chunk of it, has been obliterated. And Penn, with 47 percent of the Center's stock, is guilty in the eyes of its students of institutional racism and unconcern for the community.

Attempts several years ago to head off construction and the mass eviction of ghetto families failed. This year, with Columbia on their minds, Penn students

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decided to put their full weight behind restitution.

Penn two years ago had been involved in a scandal involving two secret chemical and biological war research projects known as "Spice Rack" and "Summit" (including among other things, research into the airborne diseases of rice). The University was persuaded that it should drop research that required secrecy. Open publication of research became the rule. But those who wished to expand work for the military came to see in the proposed Science Center a way to keep the university clean, while shunting secret research to UCSC. (A progress report for UCSC in 1968 called the complex "a supermarket of ideas" which would openly solicit government and industry contracts. "Shareholder institutions," said the report, "are convinced that they will be able to participate in scientific and educational activities they would not otherwise undertake as individual institutions.") UCSC is owned jointly by Penn and a consortium of 20 educational and medical institutions in the Delaware Valley area (including Bryn Mawr, Drexel, Haverford, Swarthmore, Temple, Villanova and others). Privately held, UCSC would be free to do what its directors wished.

Early this February, Penn SDS, the Community Involvement Council (a student group that had worked with Philadelphia blacks), and other students demanded that Penn make a new attempt to find satisfactory housing for the displaced families, demanded that the University construct its own low-rent housing on part of the Science Center site and asked that students and neighborhood blacks be included on a faculty committee set up to screen proposals for UCSC research. The Philadelphia press somewhat cynically wondered if the Center was not already a *fait accompli* and if it was not a little late to do anything for the evicted, but the students felt they had a cause.

During the second week of February, SDS met to plan action against the Science Center. It was decided that a rally and demonstration would be held at the construction site on February 18, including a Guerrilla Theatre performance (depicting a dog's expulsion from his dog house and destruction of the house) and a variety of speeches including one by a Black Panther imported from Oakland. No interference with construction of the center was intended. A sit-in was considered and dismissed.

The demonstration did not come off quite as planned. A march to the statue of Ben Franklin after the rally resulted (when the students chanced upon President Gaylord Harnwell leaving his office at College Hall) in a mass march upon the building.

Leaders of the demonstration recall that once inside, they were uncertain how to proceed since they had brought no formal demands to negotiate. They had not considered strategy. They had no inkling how the University would respond. But the five days they spent in College Hall (in shifts) gave them time to make decisions and win converts. And the University played along, informing them that if the building was not closed to traffic there would be no interference with the demonstration. Everything was done in harmony with the University's unofficial demonstration guidelines (rule c, page 5: "Since demonstrations may inconvenience or disturb, it is incumbent upon groups so to plan their demonstrations that disruption of the activities of others is minimized. . . . The time and place of a demonstration should be chosen with this point in mind, and the University should cooperate with the demonstrators in selecting an appropriate site.") Classes met in the building; administrators with offices there who cared to come to work did, and the sit-in quickly took the form of a mass teach-in and love-in. Professors came by to give informal lectures on groovy things like real estate and taxation. Curious uncommitted students dropped in and were ensnared by the militant missionaries. And the University's vice provost, Jack Russell, served coffee.

In the process the students voted their demands, negotiated changes with the somewhat aloof Society of African and Afro-American students and the black Young Great Society, who objected particularly to phrases in the written demands characterizing the blacks in the Penn neighborhood as a "hostile sea of discontent." Negotiations proceeded with the plethora of faculty and administration committees and the board of Trustees which by Sunday, the fifth day of the sit-in, had approved demands on the condition that the students vacate College Hall, which they did.

The Penn demonstration had all the necessary ingredients for a smooth settlement. The trustees were from the first sympathetic to student concerns. Robert Dechert, who's on the board, told the students, "We have failed to realize the dimensions" of the dislocation of the neighborhood. "I believe something has to be done by all of us. UCSC is one of the things which has aggravated the community. We have to pitch in together." (The science center itself had been promising to raise money for public housing on part of the site cleared for the 23-acre center as early as last summer, and isn't hostile to helping with relocation.) Also the trustees had visions of Columbia dancing in *their* heads.

The deal that was finally made provided for a four-part commission of community representatives (blacks), faculty, demonstrators and administrators to review proposed Science Center research, thus achieving for the first time at Penn, black power, student power and togetherness in one part of university administration. The Trustees empowered the commission to approve all plans for acquisition and development of land for the UCSC, and agreed to make new efforts to relocate neighborhood people in decent low-

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cost housing. Finally the trustees said they would try to raise $10,000,000 for new public housing, and gave the student-faculty-community-administration review commission $75,000 to conduct its first year's business.

Penn SDS has been criticized in the paper *New Left Notes* for asking for nothing it couldn't easily get. "The sit-in" wrote Kit Bakke and David Millstone, "voted down at the urging of the microphone-controlling leadership, a demand that in all Penn expansion in the future the community, not Penn, have the major voice in determining how the Penn resources will be allocated. We were told that adding this demand would weaken the [other] demands. Better we should fight around the specifics, win a victory, and this would show Penn that they couldn't fool around with us. That hasn't happened. There has been no commitment on Penn's part; instead we have a well-heeled committee which will look into the situation. In short the sitters-in settled for procedural modifications, instead of intensifying the struggle to force acceptance of their substantive demands."

But when it was over even President Harnwell, whose retirement this year or next is awaited by some at Penn as a reform in itself, commended the demonstrators. His administration might have made the sit-in unnecessary, but once it was over he was relieved. "We can stand," he said "almost as a beacon light in the middle of the smokey battlegrounds of campuses today."

A Committee to Combat Campus Coercion was quickly formed (by about 12 students) to protest the agreement. And the Young Americans for Freedom issued a predictable fusillade saying, "We believe that UCSC has the right as a private corporation to conduct any research it feels will benefit the nation." And the State Senate proceeded to consider bills to punish any protester who "willfully annoys, disturbs, taunts, assaults or molests any student, employee, administrator, agent or any other person lawfully in a building of or on or about the grounds, of, or in the immediate vicinity of [a] college or university." (Penn collects about 20 percent of its budget from the state.) With such limited exceptions, all is now harmony.

SDS followers turned out to be quite pleased with the new feeling of camaraderie they have with one another, with students previously alienated or unconcerned about the university, with faculty, trustees and the neighborhood. But they admit they don't know for sure whether the promises of the trustees will ever amount to anything. The new review commission has as much power as any university body to influence the Science Center's policies and plans. But the Center remains private and has its own directors, who may not be as subject to review and oversight as the students would like them to believe. Even though Penn is the principal stockholder, about the only way it will be able to influence center decisions is to use its block of stock to vote out the directors if Penn doesn't like what they do. Penn officials view such a prospect as rather remote. Moreover the blacks are already gone and the university has promised only to *try* to do something. The $10 million has yet to be raised.

Some consider the Penn demonstration a model for campus dissent, although it might be hard to duplicate a situation in which the pieces fit together so neatly. The Penn demonstrators were not bent on destroying the university but in adopting tactics suited to their objectives. Disruptive demonstration was not considered necessary or desirable (although the leadership defensively insists that in other circumstances they might resort to it). The goal in this case was housing, student power and open and humane scientific research. These turned out to be negotiable.

Ira Harkavy, a 20-year-old New Yorker who stood out among the demonstrators, viewed the confrontation as an educational experience, the most intense he's had at Penn and as an opportunity to proselytize for reforms. He was instrumental in preventing the demonstrators from isolating themselves from their unpersuaded fellows. The tactic resulted in the support of wary campus blacks, many faculty members and as staid a bunch as the interfraternity council which met specifically to endorse the demonstration.

That Penn is still in the sit-in stage of campus protest is perhaps less a tribute to SDS strategists, at last, than an indication of where Penn is politically. Before the chemical and biological warfare fracas in 1967, Penn, according to communications professor Sol Worth, was politically dead. Perhaps the University has simply not got to the point where students commandeer university property and where administrators, with their backs to the wall and their minds vacant of imagination can think of nothing else but to call the cops. But whether Penn is a case of arrested or incomplete political development is a moot point. The success of the Penn sit-in represents progress. Penn's history department was teaching Negro history (now, black history) to 400 students *last year*. It is now actively trying to recruit an African historian and black professors to handle an expanded curriculum in black studies next fall. And on March 4, when scientists at MIT, Princeton, Cornell and elsewhere closed their labs to think for a day about the ethics of the work they do the rest of the year, the faculty, administration and students of Penn skipped class for a day of symposia and workshops to discuss the misuse of knowledge and to try to bring about a dialogue between the departments (what one professor somewhat grandly called the "positive unity of the two cultures"). It was just another conference, but it illustrated as the sit-in had last month that at Penn nearly everyone favors intellectual confrontation over physical confrontation as a way to work change in a university.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

I Am Curious (Yellow)

Grove Press

Vilgot Sjöman, the Swedish director of *My Sister, My Love* and *491*, has made a two-part work called *I Am Curious*. Each part is a full-length picture, and instead of calling them Parts One and Two, Sjöman calls the first one *Yellow* and the second *Blue*. These are the colors of the Swedish flag, and the whole work is about Sweden today. Last year when Grove Press tried to import *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, the US Customs seized it as obscene. (In Sweden the film had been passed for showing to anyone 15 or over.) Grove took legal action against the seizure, and thus – as such actions imply – became a simultaneous plaintiff-defendant: plaintiff because they started the action (the seizure could simply have been accepted), defendant because the government had by implication accused Grove of trying to corrupt American morals.

To skip to the end, the first trial, with a jury, went against Grove. But the US Circuit Court of Appeals reversed this verdict, two to one, and the film is now being shown. The distributors are restricting admission to adults – using their own definition, apparently. The film carries no MPA rating, so it will automatically be rated X if it plays in any theatres that abide by the MPA code.

The trouble over *IAC (Y)*, not specified but understood by all, was not because it showed nudity of both sexes or sexual intercourse – neither of which is novel by now – but because it shows two explicit scenes of oral-genital contact. This *is* new in theatrical films in the US. Doubtless Grove had known this and had been prepared for legal action and a test case.

The question of an artist's freedom – a film-maker or any other artist – did not arise. It rarely does under law. For all the blather in America and elsewhere about the artist's need for liberty of mind and spirit, the law's concern, insofar as it has any in this area, is to protect the public against the artist. The current legal test for obscenity is threefold. In order to be ruled unobscene, a work must qualify on at least one of these counts: it must be shown not to appeal predominantly to prurient interest; *or* it must be shown not to be without redeeming social value; *or* it must be shown not to offend current community standards. No word about an artist's interest in prurience (which many artists have had) or his disregard of social value (which many have disregarded); certainly no word of the artist's recurrent desire to attack current community standards. Obviously Sjöman's film does not conform to current standards – I mean in films, not in individual behavior. Therefore the case had to be made on one or the other of the first two points.

I was a witness for the plaintiff-defendant. (I'm getting to be a Sjöman court-veteran; I was also a witness for *491* in a similar trial.) The gist of my testimony concerned the *wholeness* of the film, an attempt to show that its sexual candor was part of the general candor on all of the many subjects treated. The story is about a young Stockholm girl whose working-class father is a defeated libertarian. (He fought briefly in Spain against Franco.) With some education, she is emerging out of class constriction into an atmosphere of question: questioning everything – social and political and religious acceptances, military tradition, the Bomb, and – inevitably – sexual conventions. Her daring in the last matter is possibly her least adventurous, since her father and his friends are shown as not exactly puritanical.

As a parallel to her curiosity, Sjöman has used an inquisitive method in his directing: moving continually between a documentary style, straight fictional narrative, and even into the making of the fiction. (We often see the crew and the director.) The patent purpose is to show that he is questioning the acceptances of his own world as his central character is questioning hers.

The film seems to me an utterly serious work. But that's not much of an aesthetic recommendation. To pronounce about a work's seriousness in a review – as against legal testimony – seems almost sophomoric, which may be another comment on differences between art and law. More relevant to criticism, *IAC (Y)* is overlong. It could profitably have ended when the girl returns to Stockholm from her country retreat; nothing that happens afterward adds to her experience, or the effect of her experience, in this story. (I hope that the *Blue* sequel opens up some fresh areas.) I'm much less fascinated with the personality of Lena Nyman, the girl, than is Sjöman, and he rests his picture very largely on the fascination of her being, not on her performance. She seems to me porky and stolid and only sulkily interesting from time to time. And Sjöman's directorial methods, which apparently strike him as adventurous, are highly reminiscent of what's been done by other directors in other countries in the last decade. His play with different realities is rather plodding.

What interests me most in this quite honest and quite mediocre picture is its possible effect on concepts of privacy. Putting aside pornography, which is another and complicated subject with its own value system, we might agree that all of human behavior ought ideally to be available to the serious artist. On the other hand, human beings do need areas of privacy in themselves. In order to have a self to communicate, there need to be interior privacies that are *not* communicated, on which the communication is based. From age to age and place to place, those areas of privacy in sexual matters are continually redefined. But if art is to be most deeply affecting, it must speak to the unspoken. Sometimes art accomplishes this by implication, sometimes by explicitness. The new sexual candor in films, of which Sjöman's picture is part, is explicit. It touches privacies. Yet we insist on maintaining some privacies; so it follows that privacy – somewhat different for each of us – must be redefined.

It may be that complete film candor about sexual activity is ahead of us, that intercourse will become as much a material of art in our society as kissing (which is taboo and private in some societies). And just conceivably this may be a healthy thing, as the sun temple at Konarak suggests, because it will mean that privacy would become distinct from prudery: privacy would shift to an area where prudery could not exist.

But I doubt that this will happen in our culture. The mature person who

(Continued on page 32)

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Kenneth Burke: The Serious Business of Comedy

The Theory of Comedy by Elder Olson

(Indiana University Press; $4.50)

This is an unusually able and superior work. Though one might consult a theory of comedy with the quite reputable intention of finding out why a joke is funny, and though Elder Olson touches upon the subject with considerably suggestive methodic skill, the best portions of this study are the chapters that deal with various specific comedies, analyzed in the light of his definition. As Olson puts his case:

> "I am old-fashioned enough to mean comedy when I say comedy, and tragedy when I say tragedy; by which I mean the dramatic forms designated by such terms, and not forms which are narrative. And I do not want to talk about the tragic sense of life or the comic sense of life. It may be narrow to me, especially since it is so fashionable now to do so, but I simply do not want to."

That's admirably plain talking, and Olson does well by it. Yet he also says: "We may take a grave or lighthearted view of human life and actions; tragedy develops out of the grave view as comedy does out of the lighthearted. . . . When we say, thus, that tragedy imitates a serious action, we mean that it imitates an action *which it makes serious;* and comparably, comedy imitates an action *which it makes a matter for levity.*" So I take it that Olson's decision not to discuss a tragic or comic "sense of life" in this book is a matter of method, not of an assumption that such extra-literary attitudes have no proper place in speculations on the appeal and role of literary forms.

There is also, however, a more immediate problem. For "if we are to discuss comedy, we must of course discuss the comic" – and the comic is by no means confined to the realm of specific "dramatic forms." In fact, an example Olson deals with in his preparatory chapter on "The Problem of the Comic," is a case chosen by Jean Paul Richter from Cervantes: "Sancho clings all night long to the edge of a shallow ditch which he supposes a bottomless pit." However one might account for the comic element here, surely all readers would agree that it is a perfect example of the quality.

Olson strikes telling blows at theories which, while they really do apply to the comic, also fit "many things other than the laughable." Thus, of terms "expressing purely *logical* relations – such as 'incongruity,'" he says, "The universe is full of incongruities, and if this theory were true, we should never stop laughing." To guard against over-simplification, he contends that an explanation of the comic, to be sufficient, must consider three factors: "(1) a certain *kind of object,* (2) a certain *frame of mind* in us, (3) the *grounds* on which we feel." Here we must regrettably cut many corners, for Olson is subtle, succinct, and thorough in developing these notions. But things sum up thus:

> "Properly speaking . . . the comic includes only the ridiculous, the ludicrous, the things which are taken as such by analogy, the witty, and the humorous. All of these, differ as they may, have a common characteristic: their minimization of the claim of some particular thing to be taken seriously."

Also, the comic object "must not arouse desire or aversion or emotion" too strongly, otherwise we could not minimize its claim to be taken seriously. I am not sure just how this recipe fits with the conditions of *Galgenhumor,* for instance, this joke from the thirties about the terrifying dust storms in the Middle West. "Uncle Ebenezer ought to be coming along soon. I just saw his farm go by." In such a case, a kind of spirited "minimization" seems to coexist with a recognition of the disaster in its full scope. Similarly, though the porter scene in *Macbeth* is comic, it seems to derive much of its poignancy from the audience's still intense memory of the murder. The appeal of the comic here is not in the porter's speech alone, but seems to draw upon the audience's continued response to the play as a *tragedy,* with the grounds of its seriousness not minimized.

Olson's definition of comedy proper (as distinct from his concern with "the comic" in general) runs thus: "Comedy is the imitation of a worthless action, complete and of a certain magnitude, in language with pleasing accessories differing from part to part, enacted, not narrated, effecting a *katastasis* [that is, relaxation] of concern through the absurd." While specifically proclaiming the Aristotelian aspects of his theory, and modeling his definition of comedy after the definition of tragedy in the sixth book of the *Poetics,* Olson makes one notable shift. Instead of looking for a mode of comic *katharsis* (or cleansing) to match the purgative power that Aristotle ascribes to tragedy, Olson turns to the *Rhetoric,* where the appeal of comedy is situated not in a kind of purgation but in a kind of relaxation.

Thus as regards the examples just given, he would doubtless consider "relaxation" a sufficient explanation, though he does say at one point that "The human body tends to cathart any excessive emotion by certain physical outlets, such as laughter and weeping." But in any case, whether you call comedy "catastic" or "cathartic," there needs to be a distinction between the kind of relaxation that is due to *relaxed* conditions and the kind that runs counter to *tense* conditions. There is the relaxed humorousness of an easygoing man in easygoing circumstances, and there is an antithetical kind of relaxation, as with a friend

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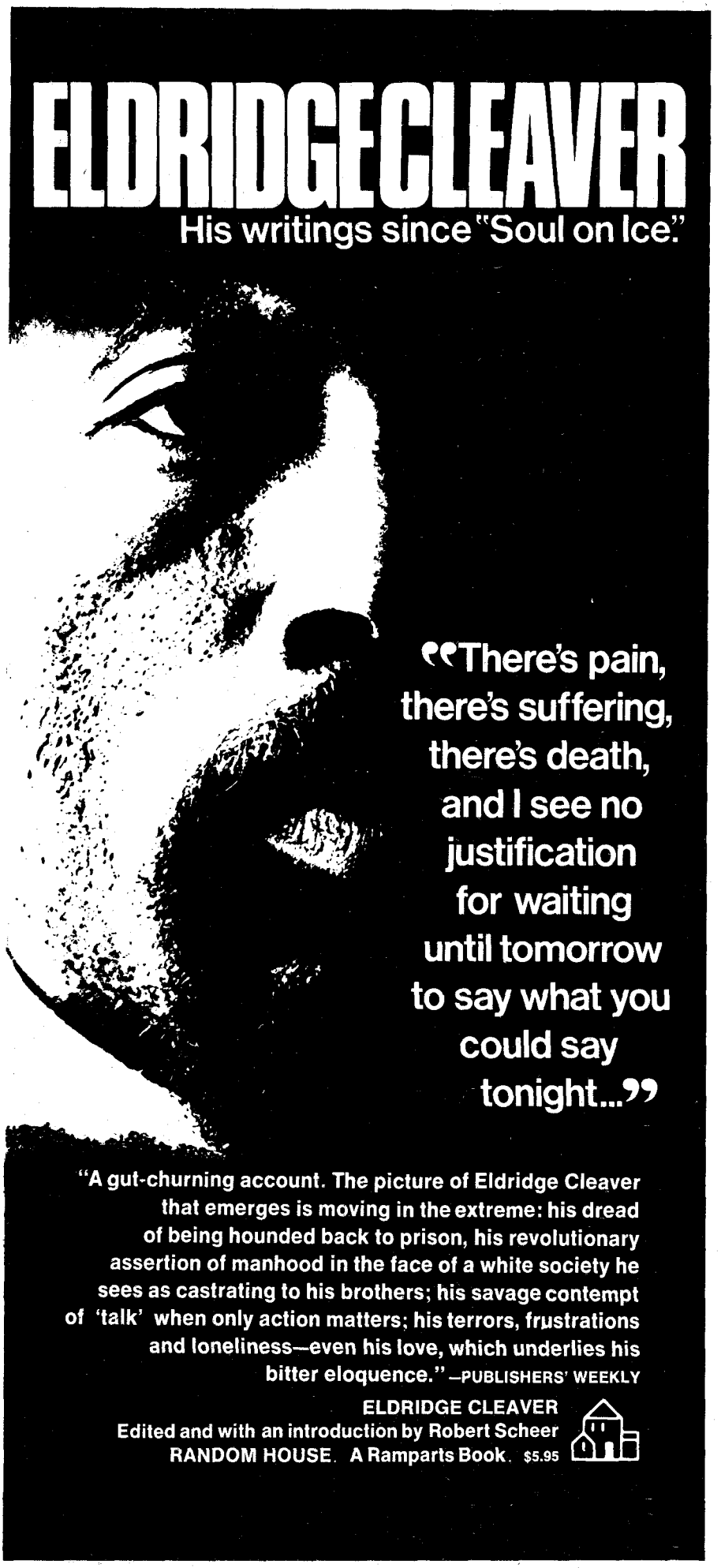
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who said: "By far the funniest movie I ever saw was a Benchley short making sport of an insomniac. I roared so convulsively, my wife threatened to leave the theatre if I didn't control myself. It was at a time when I was suffering extremely from bouts of insomnia." Despite my great admiration of Olson's book, I do wish that he hadn't disposed of catharsis so quickly.

I have mentioned his warnings against attempts to situate the comic in perverse examples of the logical (as with theories overstressing "incongruity"). In the following, this admonition, combined with his equally just comments on "minimization," seems to blunt his point:

> "The proposition 'Smoke talks and makes noises' is not funny; it is simply a false proposition. But anyone who happens to believe it, or to believe that anyone else could believe it, is a fool. In Aristophanes' *Wasps* there is a scene in which the old man – whom his son had shut up in the house to keep him from indulging his mania for serving on juries – tries to escape by the chimney. He makes a noise and is heard and challenged; to put his guards off, he says, 'I'm smoke coming out.' What is funny here? Not simply his self-betrayal, the frustration of his own intent, but the stupidity of supposing that a patent impossibility would deceive anyone. Precisely the same form of a stupidly self-defeating act is the basis of many jokes. Chickens do not talk, any more than smoke does; but you remember the chicken-thief surprised in the hen-house. 'Who's there?' 'Nobody but us chickens, mister.' Or Ole Olesson hiding from the sheriff in a bag marked CHAINS; when the sheriff kicks the bag, Ole, remembering his disguise, says 'Yingle, yingle.' In all of these cases the act is contrary to the right thing to do, and it produces a result contrary to the one intended."

But surely the joke about Ole Olesson comes to its comic completion in the fact that Ole says "Yingle" for "Jingle"; an example of what Olson elsewhere calls diction that "is appropriate if it is *inappropriate* in the right way." The hen-house joke, as I remember it, is based on a white man's stereotype about blacks as chicken thieves. And in cleaning up its racial bias, Olson de-

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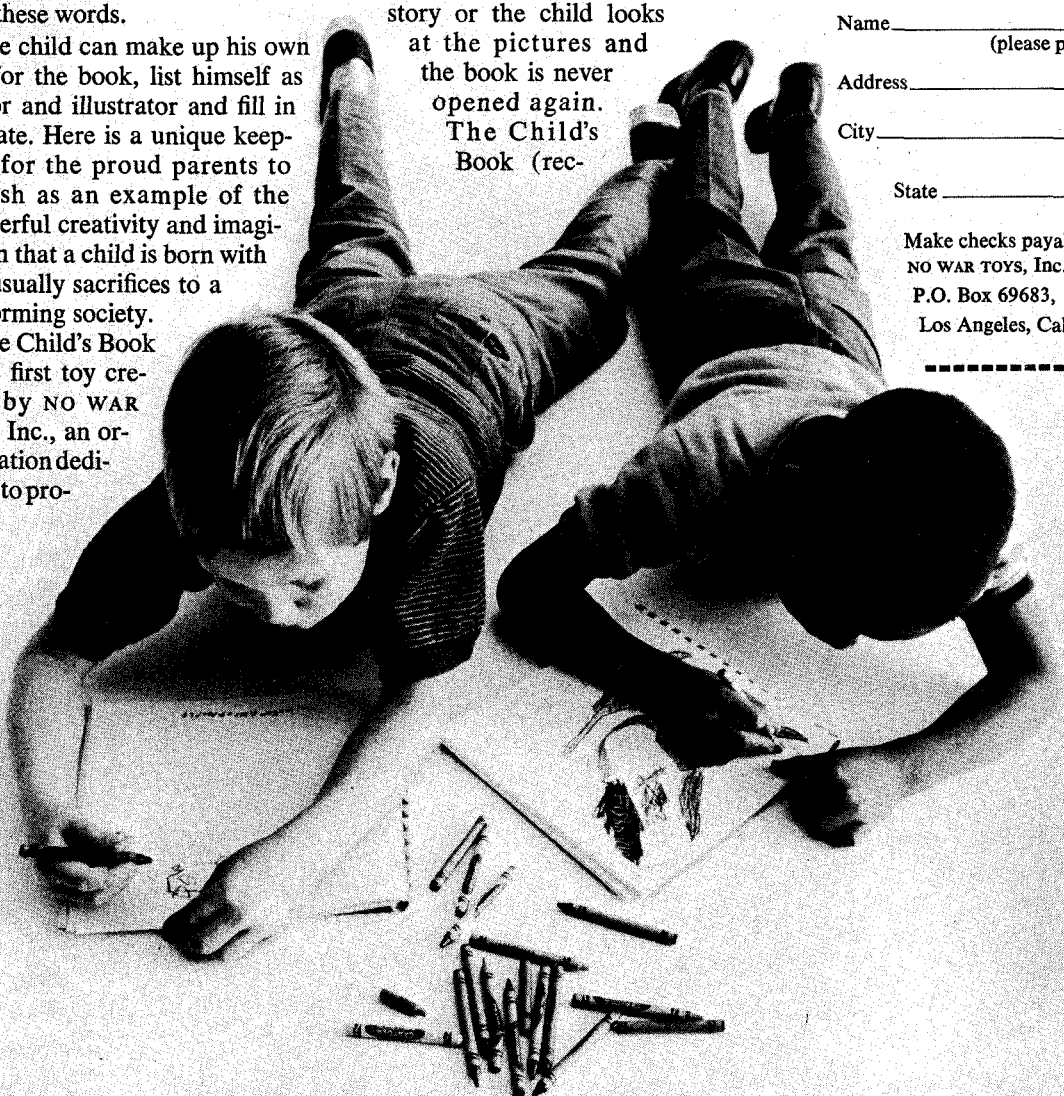

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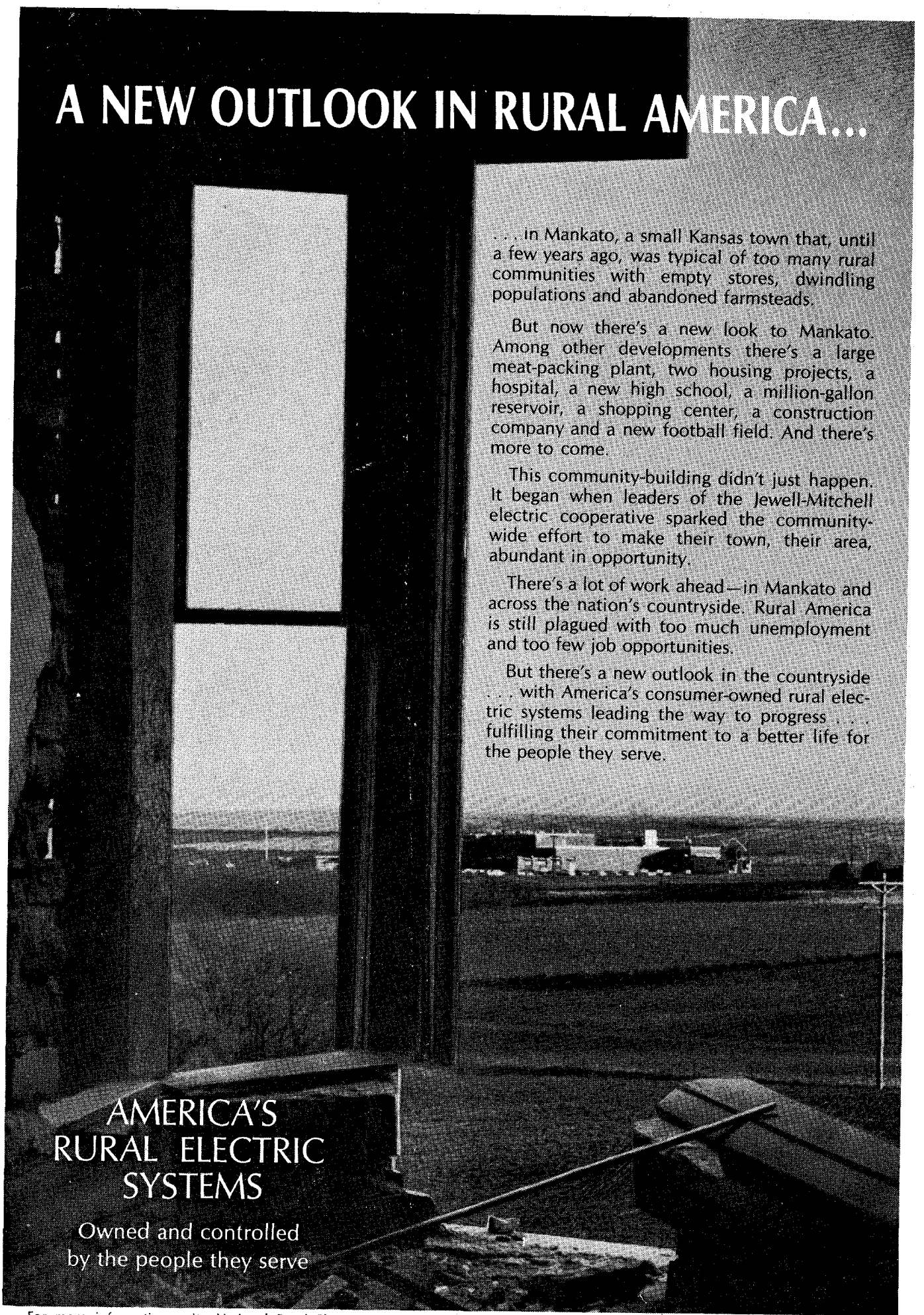
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prived it of its particular quasi-logical "confirmation" of the butt as "naturally" stupid. As for the one about smoke, at first I was stumped; for I thought that Aristophanes, of all experts in the comic, should be able to do better than that. But on looking up the original, I find that Olson stopped too soon. The sequence proceeds thus:

> Bdelycleon: By Zeus! what is that noise in the chimney? Hullo! who are you?
> Philocleon: I am smoke coming up.
> Bdelycleon: Smoke? smoke of what wood?
> Philocleon: Of fig-wood.

The notes tell us that smoke from fig-wood is particularly "acrid." Thus the extra twist (an absurd kind of logical "confirmation") resides in the fact that Bdelycleon has called himself a "stinker."

Because of the need to build a general theory concerning "The Problem of the Comic" and "The Poetics of Comedy," (all of it a delight to read, as superb examples of critical formulation) Olson necessarily skimps on the analysis of particular cases. But the second half of the book (the chapters on "Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence"; "Shakespeare and Molière"; and "Moderns") abounds in gratifyingly acute comments on particular texts.

True, by strictly adhering to his own definition of comedy, Olson concludes that only five of Shakespeare's plays properly fall under this head. In fact, though he says that every true comedy could be called "Much Ado About Nothing," he rules out Shakespeare's own play so entitled, contending that one of the two plots is too serious – and we must "consider not parts but the action as a whole." The question "is not whether our definition fits everything called comedy, but whether a given play fits our definition and so is or is not comedy in our sense of the term." It's more rewarding to go along with him, in this regard, than to haggle about his list. For in any case, his discussion of particular plays is a long succession of apt comments, involving both generalizations about their nature and analyses of notably relevant spots in the texts. There are many ingenuities here, for instance his masterful pages on that most felicitous of comedies, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. And one finds many sharp observations involving the movement from the Old Comedy in Greece, through Menander, thence to Plautus and Terence, into the comedy of manners, and so eventually to such miracles of humane invention as a comic character like Falstaff.

There is also an interesting discussion of the role of the "base" in comedy. According to Olson's theory at its simplest, "comedy must avoid the base – the really base – as it must avoid the noble." For it must be "lighthearted," and the base is too serious. In Ben Jonson's comedies, the characters "approach base action very nearly, almost to the point where the action itself becomes serious." But Molière "was able to handle the wicked, the mean, the base in comedy as Shakespeare apparently was not." Though Tartuffe gives his name to Molière's play about a base religious hypocrite, Olson would save the day by placing the emphasis upon "his dupe, Orgon, who in his infatuation with Tartuffe commits one extravagance after another." In sum, "It is not baseness which Molière makes comic, but folly." And he quotes a passage in which Tartuffe's baseness itself is made an object of ridicule. Whether or not you go along with such qualifyings, they are good things to watch and to try figuring out.

Toward the end, Olson's concern with the element of the absurd in comedy results in some excellent comments on the difference between true comic absurdity and the Theatre of the Absurd (a discussion led into by his shrewd remarks on what he calls "suspense of form" in Shaw's plays).

I could cite many other places I found enjoyable as criticism. And though I personally still hanker after a theory of comic catharsis, in addition to, or as against mere "catastasis," I must say I greatly admire this book and hope it gets the attention it deserves.

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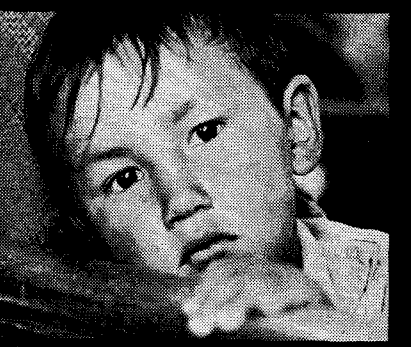

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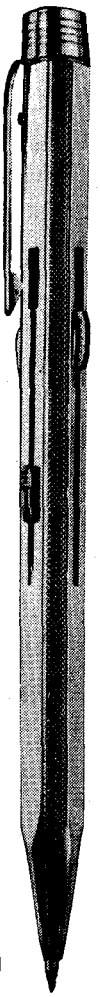

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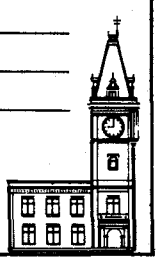

Arthur A. Cohen: Rethinking Judaism

A New Jewish Theology in the Making
by Eugene B. Borowitz
(Westminster Press; $6.50)

The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays
by Isaac Deutscher
(Oxford University Press; $5.25)

The Jews: Story of a People
by Howard Fast
(Dial Press; $7.50)

Leo Baeck: Teacher of Theresienstadt
by Albert H. Friedlander
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $8.95)

Post-Mortem: The Jews in Germany Today
by Leo Katcher
(Delacorte Press; $6.95)

Choose Life
by Bernard Mandelbaum
(Random House; $5.95)

Jewish Philosophy in Modern Times: From Mendelssohn to Rosenzweig
by Nathan Rotenstreich
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.50)

Strangers and Natives: The Evolution of the American Jew from 1921 to the Present
by Judd L. Teller
(Delacorte Press; $6.95)

The American Jews
by James Yaffe
(Random House; $7.95)

It is possible to write the romance of Jewish history, to applaud its heroism and bemoan its catastrophe. This is the easiest out for Jewish historiography. What is called for now is both more difficult and more critical: the exhibition of the relevance of classic Jewish teaching to the issues of politics and society in the twentieth century. Israel has a praxis of hoary power politics, but it needs a prophetic ideology. No less is this true of the synagogue (and the churches) of the West, which would struggle to make theology meaningful while abandoning the world to meaninglessness. God is no longer above history and politics. If he is, he is quite properly dead; if he isn't, his connection had better be established.

The current conviction of American book publishing that Jews buy books out of proportion to their numbers, and that therefore – in this era of renascent Jewish pride and self-esteem – they will now even buy books about themselves (something that definitely was not always true), has led publishers to some ridiculous follies. The low level of many of the resultant books seems to stem from various assumptions: first, that Jewish history is an arcanum of obscure names and events. Second, that Jews are absolutely fascinating, something that is often the case, but not generally, certainly not always, and never absolutely. Third, that the Jews are an unnatural, indeed miraculous people, and any narrative which offers a recitation of their inventiveness, imagination, versatility or courage will inspirit other Jews and sell books. Scarcely a racist, hardly an ethnicist, barely even a Zionist, I find it hard to applaud such a thesis.

James Yaffe's *The American Jew*, is a long-winded and ignorant compendium of jokes, cheap sociology and misinformation. The anthology of noble quotations and aphorisms strung together by Bernard Mandelbaum under the vigorous title *Choose Life* is an unnecessary, recidivist volume, containing no original material. A slightly different problem is posed by *The Jews*, by Howard Fast. It is a decent book, accurate, earnest, passably well-written and not all vulgar. But it is intellectually thin: the prose of the historical epics gets in the way of the facts, and the facts, oddly assorted and weighted, give the most ungainly proportions to this short work. These three books are for everyone and no one, so mediocre as to be without an audience.

Leo Katcher's anomalous recitation of the neurasthenic condition of Germany's resident Jews (*Post-Mortem: The Jews in Germany Today*) is useful, though it needn't have been a book to make its point. The interviews with rabbis, communal leaders, business men and lumpen proleteriat only demonstrate that the Jews who have returned are in one way or another sick. Katcher's book could only have been

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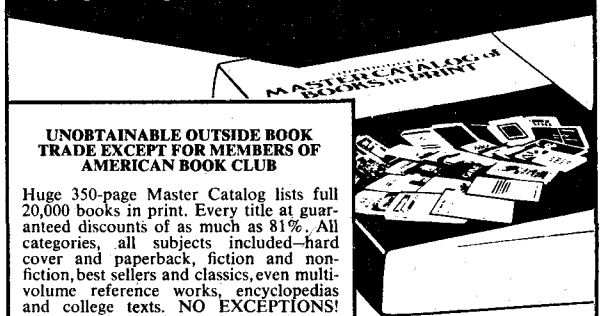

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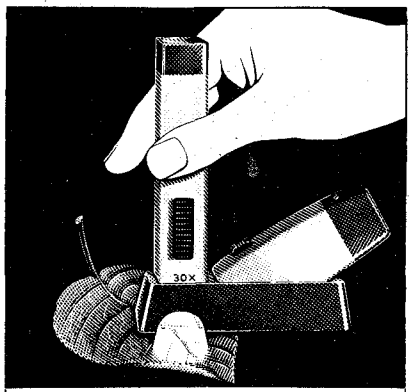

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valuable in documenting the sickness, but since he is not equipped to undertake such a diagnosis, the reader is treated instead to capsule fillers from German and Jewish history, and European philosophy and literature, all designed to illustrate the ironies of Jewish destiny.

Strangers and Natives, by Judd Teller, is an engaging book, but is compromised by equivocality. It strikes me that the book strives to accomplish two different and incompatible objectives and, as a result, leaves the reader dissatisfied. It's the classic publisher-author conundrum: one can either tell it like it is, without the colorful characters and the classy name-dropping, in which case history will remain tough, even unpleasant; or tell it almost like it is, with enough nasty allegations and hard summations to give the reader the illusion he's eating heavy even though it tastes light. On the one hand, there is the hard story which runs from the closing of the immigration gates in 1921, through the disgraceful performance of the United States toward Jewish refugees from Nazi Europe, to the new issues posed by the embourgeoisement of the American Jew and the rise of Negro anti-Semitism in the sixties. On the other hand, there is the easy and thoroughly delectable saga of Jewish life on the Lower East Side, the heyday of the Jewish theatre and Yiddish journalism, the animosity between German and Eastern-European Jews, the Cafe Royale, the splendid orators and enthusiasts of Orthodoxy, Zionism, and socialism, etc. I somehow feel that Teller liked Jews much more when they were *verbrennter Yidn* without so much *goim nachas* (that is, passionate Jews who didn't care what the Gentiles thought).

Tamara Deutscher's compilation of her late husband's skimpy "Judaica," *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*, hardly makes a book; indeed Mrs. Deutscher's introductory biographical essay about Issac's youth is both the most informative and the best written section of the volume. Mrs. Deutscher tells us that Issac's father always warned that if he failed to learn German and persisted in his enthusiasm for Polish language and politics, he would never get beyond Auschwitz, a little town near his home. The father never did get beyond, perishing along with other Deutschers. It is the macabre irony of this story that sets the tone of Deutscher's reappraisal of his alienation from Jews and the Jewish people. Although he never returned to the synagogue in which he was raised, he did see fit to join the plight of post-war Jewry. His Marxism never wavered ("Nazism was nothing but the self-defense of the old order against communism"), nor was his willingness to excuse Marx's anti-Semitism fatigued by history (it was not the convert's malice "that caused Marx to say that the Jews' real God was Money. He intended this . . . as a factual statement about the Jews' particular function in Christian society. . . ."). Deutscher remained clear-cut: against Jewish religion, nationalism, separatism; for the rehumanization of all peoples by socialist ethics. But in these essays he is self-righteous and too neat. They are polemical, dry, unimaginative little disquisitions to the new left by a solid grandpa socialist, unabashed by the complexity of recent history and the incredible difficulties posed by Marxist humanism.

The last three books engaged me most. They underscore the fact that the thought of the Jews and the historical tradition of that thought provides a more profound instruction than the kinds of books discussed thus far. Although marred by a platform simplism and an often unconvincing substitution of rhetoric for dis-

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course, Eugene B. Borowitz's *A New Jewish Theology in the Making* seems to me correct in making theology a requirement of the ordinary believer rather than a discipline of the specialist. Theology is an instrument by which the self clarifies to the self what it believes and what significance that belief has, rather than being as it often is in Judaism – merely the history of the ideas of others long dead and irrelevant.

An example of theological biography at its most fruitful and illuminating is Albert H. Friedlander's *Leo Baeck: Teacher of Theresienstadt.* Flawed by the sentiment and affection of the disciple, it is nevertheless the most intensive critical examination of the greatest thinker of modern liberal Judaism. More than a paradigm of virtue and sanctity, Baeck was a thinker. It is not enough – and Friedlander does not permit us this alternative – that Baeck was a hero of Germany's dispossessed and slaughtered Jews, their leader in the last days before deportation and their teacher in the camps. Such a version of Baeck may be sufficient to venerate him, but not to read him. It was Baeck's interpretation of the relation between the mystery of God and the commandment to act, between the divine and the human, the moral act and the moral process, that sustains his significance for us. Baeck wanted Judaism to be in the midst of the movement for the regeneration of Western humanism, not its hapless and somewhat confused onlooker, taking comfort or discomfort from the embarrassment and humiliation of the Christian churches in the post-war world.

The task of Judaism is not the doing of any deed whatsoever, not even the doing of traditional deeds – reciting the right prayers at the right times – but the doing of those deeds that extend the moral freedom and sovereignty of man. Modern Judaism – the interpretations of Judaism that begin with Moses Mendelssohn at the end of the 18th century and continue through Hermann Cohen, Franz Rosenzweig, Rav Kook, and A. D. Gordon in the 20th century – turns on the assessment of the authentic center of historical Jewish teaching. When faith, Torah and commandments were all, Jewish teaching could concentrate upon differentiating itself from Christianity and Islam. Jewish philosophy was either architectonic system-building in the mold of Aristotle, Averroes and Avicenna or else apologetic responses to the non-Jew. Spinoza was not the turning-point, but Kant. Kant desacralized Christianity by relegating God to the role of guarantor, but not source, of ethical principle and conduct. Jews were not slow to take the hint.

It is to the complex rethinking of classic Judaism in the light of the Kantian revolution that Nathan Rotenstreich's brilliant book, *Jewish Philosophy in Modern Times*, is directed. Rotenstreich, a careful and scrupulous scholar, shows how Jewish thinkers, disarmed by Kant's critique of *religious* metaphysics, sought to salvage Judaism by making ethics its quasi-autonomous essence. In the process the God of Abraham, Issac and Jacob all but disappeared, and God remained as custodian and majordomo of the moral enterprise. For Rosenzweig, Rav Kook and A. D. Gordon this proved a depleted God in desperate need either of existential resuscitation, or renewal of emphasis upon the mystery of the People Israel who are his dependent and legatee.

Notes on Contributors

KENNETH BURKE's *criticism and poetry have been reissued by the University of California Press.* ARTHUR A. COHEN *is the author of* The Natural and the Supernatural Jew.

Correspondence

Ramparts' Decisions

Sirs:

In an unsigned and flippant note on the future of *Ramparts* magazine, you invent an incident in which one of our ex-editors, Warren Hinckle, reportedly rebuffed an attempt to turn *Ramparts* over to Tom Hayden. No such attempt was ever made or rebuffed, no matter how convenient such an incident might have seemed to your writer in his effort to portray Mr. Hinckle and his proposed journal as somehow fiercely independent of the Left. Nor was it accurate to write that at *Ramparts* these days "Editorial decisions will reportedly be made by the whole staff

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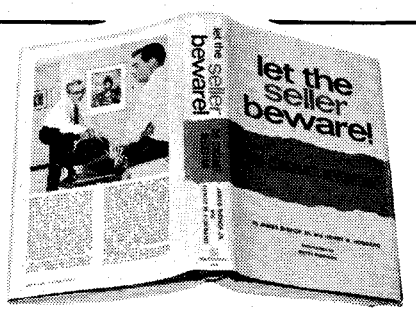

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as a commune, a la S.D.S." What rubbish – decisions at *Ramparts* are made by an editorial board just as they are at any other serious publication. Why the sneer about communes and who "reported" it? . . . The *Ramparts* staff with the exception of Mr. Hinckle, was sufficiently committed to continuing its work as a free press to institute tighter financial controls, accept pay cuts, and raise the new capital that has enabled us to continue publication with the April issue now on the newsstands.

Robert Scheer
Editor-in-Chief, Ramparts
San Francisco, Calif.

You Drive as You Live

Sirs:

The casualty insurance companies can rightfully be accused of several failings – among them a reluctant and primitive approach to serious research on accidents – but James Ridgeway ("Auto Insurance: No Risks Preferred," Feb. 22) is flatly incorrect when he charges unfair discrimination against socially deviant drivers.

Ever since an empirical study by a Canadian psychiatrist in 1949, evidence has been accumulating which shows that "You drive as you live" – that driving behavior is clearly related to nondriving behavior and that the chronic traffic violator is very likely to be a violator of other laws, regulations, and norms. In fact, for certain types of accidents it is possible to predict with a high degree of accuracy the social and personal characteristics of those involved. This is not to say that the casualty companies use personal and social data scientifically; but the fact remains that traffic behavior is not an isolated phenomenon but a manifestation of one's general social behavior.

David Klein
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

COMING: James Finn on *The Theological Novel of Modern Europe*

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

sees explicit scenes like those in *IAC (Y)*, shoves them back some distance; does not let them affect him erotically; sees them as funny or revelatory of character, not as vicarious emotional involvements. Eroticism is in the suggestive (the best sense of the word), not in the explicit. There is more heat in Bibi Andersson's narrative of an orgy in *Persona*, as she sits in a chair fully clothed, than in all the genitalia of Sjöman's film. The more intrusive a film gets in physicality, the less erotically effective it is likely to be with a mature viewer, who is reluctant to let his most private physical experiences be used as items of reference in a theatre.

I'm for Vilgot Sjöman in this matter because, with William Morris, I believe that "no man is good enough to be another man's master" – least of all in morality. But that doesn't mean that all of me is at Sjöman's disposal. So the US Customs can stop worrying about me. If I can't take care of my self, there's nothing they can do to help.

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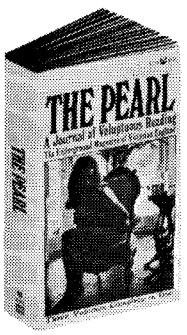

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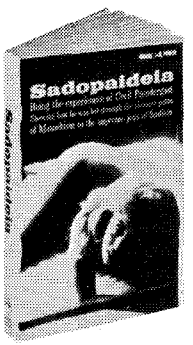

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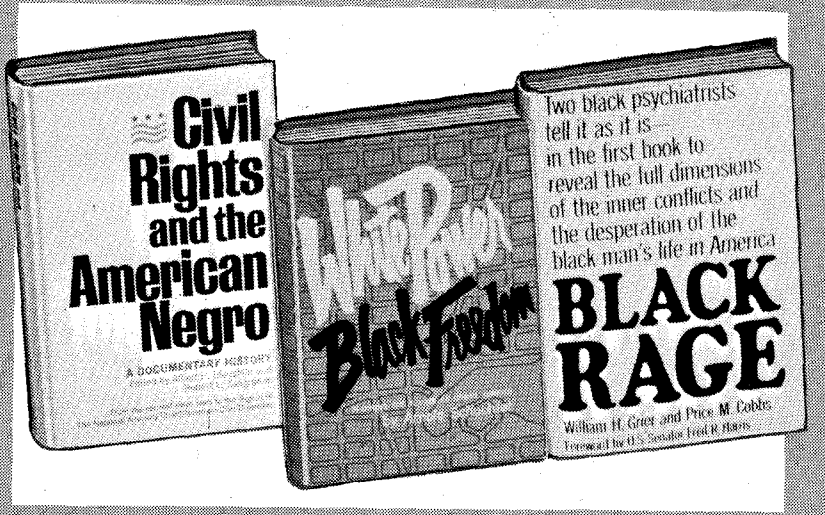
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